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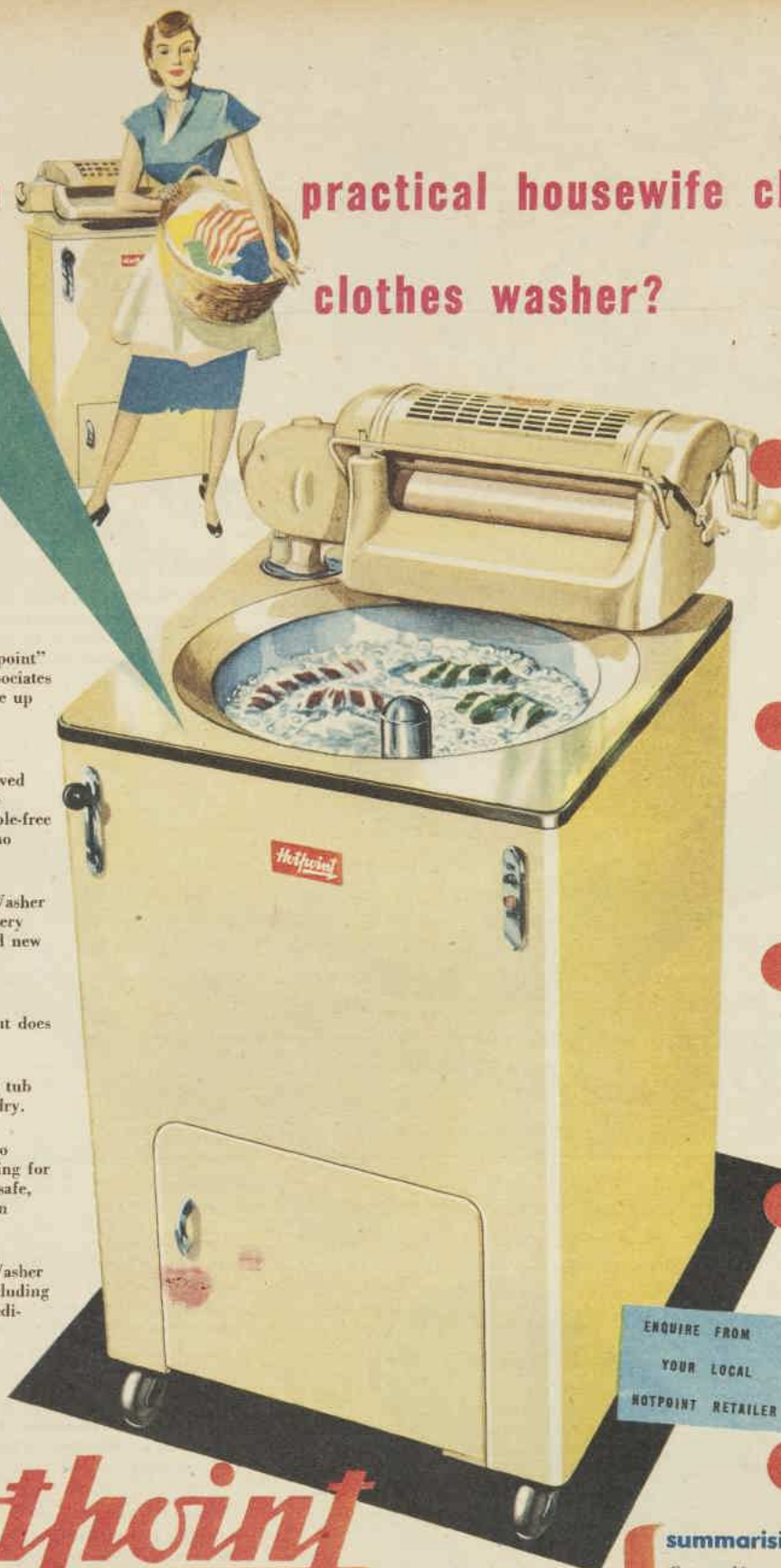


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Issued by the Director-General of Recruiting.

CWSJ

Don't Talk about Love

By MARY BISHOP

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

It was a summer day, hot and sweltering, and that was why Peter Carter was at Mrs. Dupree's beach home. It was so hot in his city flat that perspiration, rather than thoughts dripped into his typewriter. In desperation he had opened last week's mail, found the invitation, and now stood on an open verandah looking for Mrs. Dupree.

The guests buzzed about him like so many bees. He seemed to be in the direct line of their buzz. He was "Pardon-me-ed" and "So-sorried" until his feet felt flattened out like a duck's. He dodged an elbow that was headed for his chest and made his own private bee-line to a verandah rail.

The sea breeze ruffled his sandy hair and he took a breath of salt air, gently at first to condition his lungs to the unaccustomed atmosphere. His thoughts went back to the problem he had been trying to solve in his flat; how to get Battling Bennie out of the jam he had left him in without insulting the credulity of his readers.

He stretched his long legs on the verandah rail and leaned his head against a post. He would relax and think about how . . . about how . . . And there she was about three feet from him in much the same position on the verandah rail. She wore a red-and-white striped sundress, and her hair was a blonde, short-cropped mass of ringlets. She looked crisp and sweet and stood out from the rest of the gaudy mob, like a stick of red-and-white peppermint on a Christmas tree.

Some of the blankness had gone out of his mind when Mrs. Dupree appeared. Mrs. Dupree had read a book once and had been so enthralled by the experience that she had shown her gratitude by periodically opening her house to all writers.

She was not discriminating. Everyone who tapped a typewriter, whether for Art's sake or monetary gain, was invited. She shook off a bespectacled individual, badly in need of a haircut, and dashed to Peter. "So you did come," she gushed.

Peter jerked to his feet and nodded mutely in the direction of the peppermint cane.

"That's Anne Rutland—so clever," Mrs. Dupree expanded in enthusiasm. "Adorable, too. Come, meet her."

"Yes," said Peter, "by all means, yes."

She gurgled the introduction and then dashed mercifully away. Peter was seldom at a loss for words, but now as he looked into the blue, calmly appraising eyes, he could think of none of the usual inconsequential things to say. Finally

he jerked his eyes away and slumped against the verandah rail.

"You are very beautiful," he said huskily. "And if this isn't love I'm feeling here," he patted his chest feebly, "then there is something heavy like a horse sitting on my chest."

There was a long silence, then pertly. "Why don't you say 'Giddy-up,' and maybe it will go away."

"After the first shock," said Peter grinning, "I think it would be a fine thing."

"Don't talk about love!" she said so tartly that Peter began to suspect that his peppermint stick had an acid centre. "I have it card-indexed, catalogued, and filed!"

"Indeed!" said Peter, raising a quizzical eyebrow. "Filed?"

"On little cards," she explained, and started ticking off on her fingers. "Love—wolf type—here to-day, gone to-morrow. Love—sudden death type—this vanishes in a cottage with sticky fingers and dirty dishes to wash ever after. Love—desperation type—experienced by women who have passed it by and later convince themselves that they love any man with or without money. Love—companionship for old age—"

"You," interrupted Peter derisively, "must be a professional."

"I am," she admitted, without batting an eye. "I hate love. I write about it and it makes me feel like a Borgia who induces her own sex to drink from a poisoned cup. The trouble is," she said with a frown, "that a girl can't win. If she falls in love and marries, especially these days when you can get no help in the house, she is caught in a trap of domestic drudgery, especially when the children arrive. If she ignores love she becomes someone's maiden aunt, gets neurotic, so they say, and has a lonely old age."

"I bring thieves, blackmailers, murderers, and dope-peddlers to justice on paper, but I've never been in gaol," said Peter with a grin. "Tell me, have you ever been in love?"

"No, I haven't, and after the past two weeks I think I've developed a complete immunity to the disease. I answered a distress call from my sick sister and went to look after her four children."

Anne laughed shortly. "I took my typewriter with me. I was going to write at night. I found that when I'd finished the day, I felt like I'd been trampled on by an army of marching feet. I found that children are lovely in small doses and if you have no maintenance or upkeep on them."

"You disappoint me," said Peter. "Love and marriage are both wonderful institutions."

Please turn to page 8



She looked crisp and sweet, Peter thought, studying her, like a stick of red-and-white peppermint on a Christmas tree . . .

On the average...

one family in three relies on the A-M-P



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QUICKLY Anne looked at him. "You," she said accusingly, "must be the Peter Carter who writes *Battling Bennie*. I should have known. Life with Bennie is all excitement and thrills—escape from reality. What would you know about washing, ironing, mending, cleaning house, and three meals a day complete with dirty dishes?"

Peter laughed good-naturedly. "You are bitter, very bitter. Let's go for a swim and then I'll tell you of a solution to your problem."

"There is no solution," she called back over her shoulder as she went to change her clothes. She swam well, and Peter, who was hopelessly out of condition, found it hard to keep up with her. Once she dived for his feet and tipped him up. He retaliated by ducking her. She bobbed up laughing into his arms. The sensation of having her there made him wish that she was a normal girl with normal ideas about normal things. Then her laughter stopped suddenly, she pushed free and raced to the beach.

Peter threw himself down beside her on the beach and leaned his head on his hand. Lazily he watched her dry her hair. His original idea of her beauty was confirmed—only more so.

She peered down under her towel. "You are perhaps not aware of it, but that lavender-and-old-lace complexion you came out with has taken on the flaming redness of an alcoholic's nose. You should get more fresh air and sunshine," she reproved.

Peter rolled on to his back. "Your concern for my welfare will be found in your index under 'love—mother type,' a prelude to love in a cottage."

Anne stopped rubbing her hair and glared at him. "I can see it all," continued Peter. "A cottage in a quiet suburb, a small boy to throw a hammer into my typewriter occasionally, a fair, curly headed daughter to smudge my manuscripts. Then there is a wife who will always have a supply of stamps, paper clips, envelopes, and typing paper at hand. A wife who will see that I get plenty of fresh air and—"

Anne threw her towel down in disgust. "If that is what you want, I suggest that you don't pick a wife, because when you see her for the first time you feel like a horse is sitting on your chest—just marry the horse!"

"Now, now, no need to get riled about it," said Peter. "Anyway, I was only teasing." He sat up abruptly. "I am now about to give you a solution to your marriage problem."

"There is no solution," said Anne heatedly. "The Rutland women have always married men who are as helpless as rabbits in the house. Not one of them could bath a child or boil an egg."

Peter reached over and tapped her on the shoulder. "I can see now why you are a bitter, cynical, disillusioned woman. I can understand what has poisoned you against love. I am the answer to your prayer."

"Oh, no, you're not," she spluttered almost tearfully, and raced to the house.

Peter went to dress. The affair had clearly demonstrated what a fool a man could make of himself when he let his head

go over a pretty face. The girl was a parasite on society, who expected to live in society and give nothing in return.

He decided to eat before he left for home and joined the others around a buffet meal. He couldn't concentrate on his eating and stuck his mouth twice with his fork, because he was trying to look for Anne over the heads of the guests.

Finally he spied her just taking her leave of Mrs. Dupree. He hastened to the spot, his plate still in hand, just as Anne walked away. "Sorry to have to rush off," Peter gulped, casting frantic eyes at Anne's back and thrusting his plate of food into Mrs. Dupree's hand. "Dead-line, you know."

Mrs. Dupree took her cue. "Anne," she called, "would you mind dropping Mr. Carter?" Anne appeared not to hear, although Peter noted a slight hesitation in her step. "Run after her," urged Mrs. Dupree. "She won't mind... a sweet girl."

"I shouldn't mind dropping you anywhere," said Anne sweetly as he caught up to her, "preferably on your head on to some rocks or into some prickly pear."

She slipped into the driver's seat of a low-slung roadster. Peter stood staring at it and whistled. "This love business," he commented, "must pay."

She started the car and Peter made a jump for the

**What makes the vanity
of other people insup-
portable is that it
wounds our own.**

—La Rochefoucauld

seat beside her. He was flung violently forward as the car jerked away and sat nursing his knees. "I wish to state," said Peter, "that I have revised my original impression of you. You are a girl with no feelings, no human emotions. Beautiful but soulless."

Anne then gave him a look which, had the scientists known about it sooner, would have saved them a lot of trouble. It would have split an atom. Peter cringed in mock terror. They drove along the beach road in silence until the moon made its first appearance of the evening. "Tell me," said Peter, "does the moon ever have a mellowing effect on you, or is it just filed under the planets in your filing cabinet?"

Anne sniffed. "Too bad to waste such a beautiful moon. Do you ever let your hair down? Ever smuggle up in some personable young man's arms... Ever—"

She jerked the car to a stop, flung both arms about his neck and kissed him. The kiss went on and on until Peter had the sensation that the car had gone into a spin. Her hands on his shoulders felt like two hot irons. "Stop that," he yelled.

"That," she said smugly, "is the best demonstration I can give in the absence of a personable young man, and you started yelling for help in a hurry."

"You were pinching my sunburn," explained Peter. "Now let me show you—"

Peter was interrupted at this point by a motor cycle drawing up beside the car. "What's

Don't Talk About Love

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going on here?" said a gruff voice. "You're blocking traffic."

"Just a little experiment," said Peter imperturbably.

"First time I've ever heard it called that," said the policeman. "Move along."

Anne hastened to comply with the request. The car started moving, but backwards. "You and your experiments!" she stormed.

"I see they shot you into reverse. You're licked, and you know it."

"I'm not licked and I don't know it," she said stubbornly. "If I ever do fall in love it won't be with someone who expects to be waited on hand and foot and uses wolf tactics on me the first time he sees me!"

"Miss Rutland," said Peter with dignity, "I have admired you from afar for weeks now. The far being the third-story window of our flat building. It was hard to believe my good fortune when I saw you at Mrs. Dupree's to-day. And who is it that expects to be waited on hand and foot?"

"If you are inferring that I expect to be waited on," Anne said, "then you are wrong. I am prepared to take my place in any reasonable form of society, but in marriage, as I have seen it for the past two weeks, the man works seven and a half hours a day and the woman from twelve to fifteen hours a day."

"But—" said Peter.

"Let us consider the discussion closed," said Anne icily. She drove on into the city, parked the car in the garage behind the flat building, and Peter followed her in. "Do you have anything for your sunburn?" she asked.

"No, I haven't," said Peter craftily, "and if I did have I shouldn't be able to put it on my back."

"I'll get something and come up. I'd do as much for a dog," she explained.

Peter was lying on his stomach and Anne was soothing his back with sunburn cream and gazing about the room. "What a beautiful desk and bookcase!"

"Cedar," said Peter. "My brother has a workshop at his home and I use his tools. I could make you a desk, too. I can see it now. Your typewriter next to mine—we could work together—give each other ideas!"

"I prefer," said Anne, rubbing the last area with unnecessary briskness, "to plot alone." Then she walked to the door.

He jumped up quickly and stood guarding it. "You didn't eat at Mrs. Dupree's and I had only a couple of mouthfuls. You are not leaving until we have something."

He pushed her into a chair and tossed some magazines into her lap, then he disappeared into the bedroom and returned with a shirt. "Just the shirt for my sunburn, but there's a button off."

He opened his desk drawer and found a button, needle, and thread. Anne watched with fascinated eyes—no stuck fingers—no awkward movements. The button was attached and the needle and thread replaced in the drawer before she could open and shut her mouth twice.

"Now, I'm going to buy some provisions. Don't go away." The door closed on him and she heard his steps on the stairs. She jumped as a telephone at her elbow jangled.

Anne picked up the receiver. "Hello, Peter darling," a voice gurgled.

"Mr. Carter has just left," said Anne stiffly, "he should be back in a few minutes." "A woman in Peter's flat!" said the voice, stunned.

"And why not?" asked Anne defensively.

"To my knowledge, a woman has never crossed his threshold. He doesn't even have a cleaning woman. Does it all himself."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Anne unbelievably. "I'd decided he was a confirmed wolf."

"Oh, goodness no—a confirmed bachelor would be more like it. We've been trying to get him married off for years. I'm Lola, his sister-in-law. Ask him when he comes back if he'd be free to look after the children next week. I'd like to go on a trip with my husband. He's simply wonderful with children," she gurgled, "especially my three-year-old."

"I'll give him the message," said Anne weakly.

Anne banged the receiver on to the hook and glared about her. This Peter Carter was too good to be true. If the telephone call had come a few minutes later she would have suspected some kind of a conspiracy. She looked about at the tidy room, then savagely ran a finger over the desk and was looking at the complete absence of dust when Peter returned.

He went on into the kitchen and in a little while he called her into the dining-room to eat. There was steak, French-fried potatoes, a salad bowl filled with crisp vegetables. She ate slowly and deliberately to keep from bolting her food. The afternoon swim had made her very hungry. "That was wonderful," she said later with a replete sigh. "Where did you learn to cook?"

"And that's what I've been trying to tell you, but you wouldn't listen. There were four Carter boys. Mother resented it that she didn't have a daughter, so she taught us to do everything about the house. I," he stated, eyeing Anne significantly, "am the last unmarried one of the line."

She shifted uneasily in her chair and then changed the subject. "Mind if I have a closer look at your bookcase?" She squealed with delight as she picked a book from the shelf. "Murder Will Out! You wrote that! And 'The King's Corpse' and 'The Jolly Killer.' Why, I've read them all. They were good."

He was standing very close and reached around her to pull out more books. "They've been translated into Spanish and Scandinavian." He moved closer and smiled down at her.

Anne felt her immunity slipping. "I think I'd better go now," she said, tumbling the books back into the case. "When you were out, someone by the name of Lola rang and wanted to know if you'd look after her children next week."

Please turn to page 40

A complete short story by
Margaret Rowe
ILLUSTRATED BY TOMPSON

AS the train rattled slowly over the flat, dry country, Madge Fleming leaned back against the hard upholstery of the carriage seat, and, raising her eyes from her book, glanced out of the window. Another hour and I'll be home, she thought, gazing disinterestedly at the familiar country through which the train was passing.

Home! What a mockery that was! What awaited her at the little town that was her destination was nothing that the word embraced. She thought rather bitterly of the lonely cottage, pretty enough, and comfortable, but she was so tired of living alone as she had done since her parents had died. Why had they brought her up to be useless and unwanted, and then leave her with nothing? Was life going to leave her stranded in the backwater to which it had washed her? Was everything to go by?

It was that desire for escape that had driven her to outlay her insurance money on a trip. A sort of last fling, she thought now, but at the time it had been a salute to adventure.

And now, thought Madge, it's all over, and I'm coming back to the dull old round, and I'll gradually grow older, until in the end I'll be as stodgy and friendless as the rest of them.

She picked up her book again, but her eyes refused to focus on the page, and once more her hands dropped idly back into her lap.

"Not very interesting, is it?"

Madge started at the sound of the voice. She had completely forgotten the man in the corner of the carriage, who had sat quietly reading reams of closely typed pages. She smiled wanly.

"I read that thing months ago," he went on, "and when I saw you with it, I was having bets with myself whether you'd get through the first chapter. You didn't, did you?"

"I haven't even read the first page," Madge admitted guiltily.

"That's good."

Silence once more fell between them. Madge looked out the window.

What was she going to tell them all when she got back? That the trip had been a hideous failure? That she met no one interesting, and went nowhere, except where the tourist guides took her? She could almost hear their half-whispered remarks, and feel their loathsome sympathy.

Suddenly she dreaded returning to the inevitable round of bridge and afternoon teas, of gossip and small talk, when the women would ask about her trip, hinting that a single girl of her age could hardly expect to have much fun. If only...

"Murradinna!" She heard the name called, and saw, almost with a shock, the well-known platform glide by, and the hurrying figures of people with someone to meet. There would be no one there for her.

Blindly, through tears which suddenly came unbidden, Madge groped for her luggage on the rack above, but two lean, brown, and incredibly strong hands were already lifting it down. Madge blinked and smiled her thanks.

"Look here," said her fellow-traveller. "What about waiting here with this stuff till I go outside? I can take it through the window."

It was only a matter of minutes until he had it all out, and piled on the platform.

"Anyone meeting you?"

Madge shook her head. He smiled.

"If you don't mind staying here with this stuff, I'll dig up a conveyance, and we can ride to town together." Before Madge could reply he was gone. It was very pleasant to have someone looking after her though, instead of wrestling with cases, and somehow she didn't feel nearly so lonely now.

She smiled wryly to herself, wondering what Mrs. Fitzgibbon, the high-priestess of gossip in Murradinna, would say could she see her. "Almost a pick-up," thought Madge, "but who cares?"

She glanced at the luggage stacked on the platform. It was mostly hers, but the stranger had two suitcases, strong-looking arrangements with a variety of labels pasted and tied about them. Madge read them curiously. "Gordon Armstrong. Never heard of him, but he's nice. Wonder what he's doing here?"

Had she spoken her thoughts she would probably have received an answer, for the object of her speculation suddenly materialised with an abruptness that was almost startling.

"I've a car outside," he announced as he collected the bags and steered her through the crowd milling about the platform. "Of ancient vintage and doubtful reliability. But I think it will hold together until we get to town."

They were out of the smoky, rocking platform, in the cool softness of late afternoon. A vivid splash of color was flung across the western sky, and the air was soft and embracing after the confines of the stuffy carriage. Madge sniffed gratefully.

"You know, the only thing I really like about this place is that you feel you can breathe," she said.

They were silent as the car chugged through the deserted streets, Madge noting the familiar landmarks, and the lack of change in the place. Dawson's house still



Gordon came hurrying across the paddock. "Madge! It's good to see you again," he exclaimed.

needed a coat of paint, and old Harris hadn't had his lawn cut.

"Here you are, Miss Fleming," called the driver, using all his strength on the protesting brakes, as the car shricked to a standstill.

Gordon Armstrong helped carry the cases to the verandah, then stopped for a minute at the gate.

"I'll be around here for a while," he smiled. "Probably we'll meet again somewhere." Then he was gone.

"I wonder what's he doing here?" Madge thought, as she let herself in. "He's very nice."

But he was not as good as his word. Weeks passed without sight or sound of Gordon Armstrong, and tactful inquiries failed to elicit any information about him. Nobody, it seemed, even knew of his arrival, and this in a small town where it was impossible to even receive a parcel without everyone knowing of it, and conjecturing about its possible contents. He appeared to have come and gone quite mysteriously.

The old life recommenced as Madge had known it would, Mrs. Fitzgibbon called. Miss Anderson dropped in for a minute on her way to town. One by one they all appeared, seeking information of Madge's trip. And behind all their polite queries after her health and holiday, Madge sensed the one question. Had she found a man? That was putting it crudely, of course, but she knew what they were all thinking. She was, in their eyes, an old maid, and this was her last chance. Madge felt she would like to scream at them.

So perhaps it was not surprising that she did such a crazy thing at bridge at Miss Anderson's. Afterwards she wondered what had possessed her, and later still, she was horrified at the lengthy list of lies that piled up to cover the original one. But at the time when she felt she could stand no more, Betsy Longwell, who was blonde and twenty, and made no bones about the fact that she considered Madge definitely on the shelf, had asked her, oh, so sweetly, had she met any nice people while she was away.

And it was then that Madge decided that if they wanted something to talk about, she would give it to them.

She turned and faced Betsy.

"Yes, I met a great many charming people."

"But I mean anyone in particular." Betsy always managed to insinuate italics profusely into her conversation.

"Well, yes," replied Madge, calmly looking at the other. "Ooh!" Betsy sat up. "A nice young man. What's he like?"

I may as well do the thing properly, thought Madge, deriving a certain satisfaction in dashing Betsy's pitying expression.

"Have you a photograph?" purred Betsy.

"No, I'm afraid not. But he's coming to spend a few days here soon."

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To Be Near You

Continued from page 9

LIED with questions, Madge went from bad to worse. Afterwards she realised the folly of her desperate falsehood. In the eyes of the small community in which she lived, such a statement was a tacit acknowledgement of an engagement. She really had done it this time.

She walked quickly along the road leading out of town, burning with fierce resentment. Her one desire, as she tramped along, was to get as far away as possible. She did not realise how far she had gone until a heavy drop of rain fell on her head. She had been so preoccupied before that she had not noticed the storm working up. Looking around she realised that she had a long way to go home.

"I'll never make it," she thought, "and there's no shelter for miles."

Then she remembered the disused shack that had once housed a boundary rider.

And then, with a shock, she saw that there was a light in the shack. So it was not disused now. Never mind. Whoever was there would surely give her shelter until the rain passed. She knocked on the old, weather-beaten door.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I wonder..." she began as the door opened, and then broke off in amazement. Gordon Armstrong was standing in the doorway, silhouetted against the light.

"Well, for pity's sake!" He looked again. "Do you always choose evenings like this for making calls?"

"I came out for a walk, but got caught in the rain."

"Well, come in before you're soaked through." He pulled her in and closed the door. "Not that you could be much wetter. Look here, you'd better get out of those clothes, or I'll have a pneumonia case on my hands."

Five minutes later, Madge sat in front of the fire, wrapped in an old overcoat of Gordon's, while her wet skirt and jumper hung before the blaze.

"This is cosy," she remarked, hugging the coat closer around her. "How did you get here?"

"Me? I live here."

"Oh!" Madge gasped. "Why?"

"Well, I was looking for somewhere quiet and secluded where I wouldn't be interrupted while I finished a book I'm writing, and Bruce suggested this place. He's my cousin, you know, and it's on his property. I've been here a couple of weeks and, apart from Bruce, you're the first person I've seen."

"Oh! I hope I'm not interrupting you."

"Quite the contrary. I was feeling a bit sick of my own company and beginning to wish that the place wasn't quite so secluded when you dropped out of the skies."

The fire burned down to glowing coals.

"I suppose you thought I'd forgotten you?" he said.

"Don't tell me you hadn't?"

"Rather not. But I wanted to get this work finished before I saw anyone."

"How much more have you?"

"Oh, another week or two should clean it all up."

"It's clearing now," said Madge, getting up, "and my clothes are dry. I'd better be going."

"Must you?"

"Yes. It will be dark before I get to town, anyway." She gathered up her clothes and departed into the little partitioned corner that served as a second room. When she emerged, Gordon was pulling on a mackintosh.

"I'll walk along with you."

They walked in silence, Gordon humming a snatch from a song. Madge tried to place the words of it, but she couldn't remember where she had heard it.

Then, as they neared the town, he stopped.

"I'm leaving you here," he said. "I don't want to go into town."

Madge held out her hand a little uncertainly. "Well, good-bye and thank you for everything," she said.

"I say," said Gordon, "I suppose you'll think this is an awful nerve, but if you're in the habit of strolling about, I wish you'd come out this way a bit more and brighten my life a bit."

"All right, then. I may do that."

"What about to-morrow?" he asked.

"If it's not raining."

Gordon laughed. "It won't be. My luck's too good. It only rains when I want it to." Then he released her hand and was off.

In the days that followed, Madge found herself walking out along the road to Gordon's hut with increasing frequency. She had come to look forward to their talks.

"You know," Gordon said one day, "you've done me the world of good. I was getting starved for companionship without realising it, and falling into a kind of mental stagnation. Even the book had come to a standstill. You walked in right at the crucial moment."

"How's the work going now?" Madge asked.

"Like a house on fire. I've nearly finished now. I'll have to go up to town and see the publishers."

That was what Madge had been dreading to hear all along, knowing that she was enjoying borrowed time, which must come to an end soon. It had been a happy interlude, and now it was over.

"I must be getting back," she said briefly. "When do you leave?"

"In a few days."

"Then I probably shan't see you again."

Gordon sprang to his feet. "It's been great knowing you, Madge. If I ever need inspiration again, I hope you'll be around."

Madge turned suddenly, unable to bear the sight of his receding figure, knowing he was walking out of her life forever. She wanted to run after him or call him back, but instead she walked slowly back to town.

Slowly she lifted the latch of the gate to her little cottage.

"Madge! Where on earth have you been?"

The bright, hard voice jarred on her nerves, and she looked up to see Betsy standing on the verandah.

"I've just been for a walk," replied Madge brusquely.

"When's your friend coming?" Betsy asked bluntly.

"I don't think he's coming at all," Madge replied dully, voicing an opinion she hated to admit. Somehow, Gordon had managed to get himself entangled in her imagination with this silly fabrication.

MORE than ever with the weeks that passed, life in the small town seemed unendurable to Madge.

She was taking stock now as she walked along the road where she had been wont to meet Gordon. He had gone, and the little hut was shut up and deserted again as though it had never been occupied, but she found herself still wandering out there, trying to fit together the jumbled pieces that would form a whole pattern, and make something of her life, for, come what may, she was determined that she would leave Murrumbidgee and stand on her own feet.

She walked off the road, and sauntered towards the clump of trees that provided some shade, the tune Gordon so often hummed running through her mind. Then the words came to her.

"If my life could be spent near you, I'd be more than content..."

Madge started. She thought someone had called her name. She looked around quickly, and then again, hard. Surely her eyes were playing tricks. Gordon was coming across the paddock, waving.

"Madge," he cried excitedly, and she knew then that something had happened, something wonderful and new, and that he wanted to tell her about it.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The book? Have they accepted it?"

"Oh, yes. That's all right. I knew it would be."

"What, then?"

"Oh, it's good to see you again. All these weeks I've been trying to convince my readers that there are more important losses than that of human companionship, but I haven't been able to persuade myself. There aren't Madge."

She looked at him in wonder.

"I called at your house when I arrived," he went on, "and you weren't there, so I ran all the way out, hoping I'd find you here. I don't know why I didn't realise it before I left. You will come back with me, won't you?"

Madge nodded. She tried to speak, but the words stuck in her throat.

"Let's go back to your place," he said. "There are lots of things I want to tell you."

It was a shock, when they reached the house, to hear voices through the window. Madge's eyebrows rose.

"It seems I have visitors."

Betsy's voice was distinctly audible, acid and clear.

"Personally, I think she made the whole thing up. Cruises and the like. Anyway, if he ever existed, he's thrown her over. Not that I blame him, either."

Madge's cheeks burned. Why, why had she ever invented that stupid lie?

She pushed the door open.

Betsy stopped in the middle of a sentence, and her mouth stayed open. Madge thought waspishly, I must tell her some time she definitely does not look her best that way. The other two women in the room followed her gaze, and three pairs of eyes fixed themselves for a long moment on Madge and Gordon, standing in the doorway. Betsy recovered her composure first.

"Oh, da-arrling," she crooned. "We dropped in and, as you weren't here, decided to wait. Hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all. Make yourselves at home." There was a silence, and Madge introduced Gordon.

"Oh, so you're the man Madge met on the boat," drawled Betsy. "I'd have recognised you, anyway, from her description."

Madge wondered what would happen now. Then she heard Gordon's voice, and there was a hint of laughter in it.

"Yes, it was playing quints. She's the only person I've ever been able to beat at that game, and I thought it wouldn't be bad to have a wife one could beat at something. I don't like women to be too clever."

He drew Madge back through the door and closed it firmly. Then he winked at her.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS

Arabella

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE room which Arabella and Mr. Scunthorpe entered looked over a filthy yard, where lean cats prowled amongst garbage heaps. Small and dark, it was furnished with a sagging bed pushed up against one wall, a deal table, two wooden chairs, and a strip of threadbare carpet.

A bunk of cheese, together with a glass, a jug, and an empty bottle stood on the table.

Bertram, who was stretched on the bed, raised himself on his elbow as the door opened, an apprehensive look on his face. He looked ill and unkempt, and when he saw Arabella he uttered something like a sob, and struggled to his feet, "Bella!"

She was in his arms on the word, unable to prevent herself from bursting into tears, passionately clasping him to her. His breath reeked of spirits, but although this shocked her, she only hugged him more tightly.

"You should not have come," he said unsteadily. "Felix, how could you have brought her here?"

"Warned her she wouldn't like it," Mr. Scunthorpe excused himself. "Very set on seeing you."

Bertram gave a groan. "I did not mean you to know."

She disengaged herself, wiped her tears away, and sat down on one of the chairs.

"Bertram, you know that is nonsense," she said. "Whom should you turn to if not to me? I am so sorry! What you must have suffered in this dreadful house!"

"Pretty, ain't it?" he said jeeringly. "I don't know how I came here. Peg brought me. You may as well know, Bella, I was so foxed I don't remember anything that happened after I left the Red Lion!"

"No, I quite see," she said. "But, Bertram, pray do not go on drinking. It is all so bad, and that makes it worse. You look sadly out of sorts, and no wonder! We must think what is to be done. Only tell me what you owe!" He did not want to divulge the sum, but she insisted, and after a little while he blurted out: "It comes to more than seven hundred pounds! There is no possibility of my being able to get clear!"

She was aghast. The sum seemed vast beyond belief, so that she could not be surprised when Bertram, casting himself into the other chair, began to talk in a wild way of putting an end to his life. She let him run on, guessing that his despair needed the relief of such mad outpourings, and having no very real fear that he would carry out his violent threats.

While he talked she cudgelled her brains for a solution, only lending half an ear to him, but patting his hand soothingly from time to time.

Mr. Scunthorpe intervened at last, saying with great commonsense, "Don't think you ought to jump in the river, dear old boy. Sister wouldn't like it. Bound to leak out. Your governor might not like it, either!"

"No, indeed!" Arabella said. "You must not talk of it any more. Bertram. You know how wicked it would be!"

"Well, I suppose I shan't kill myself," Bertram said, a shade sulkily. "Only, I can tell you this: I'll never face my father with this!"

"No, no!" she agreed. "Seven hundred pounds! Bertram, how has it been possible?"

"I lost six hundred at faro," he said, dropping his head in his hands. "The rest—well, there was the tailor, and the horse I hired, and betting debts, and my shot at the inn—oh, a dozen things! Bella, what am I to do?"

"Bills don't signify," pronounced Mr. Scunthorpe. "Leave town; won't be followed. Not been living under your own name. Gaming debts another matter. Got to raise the wind for that. Debt of honor."

"I know it, curse you!" "But all debts are debts of honor," Arabella said. "Indeed, you should pay your bills first of all."

A glance passed between the two gentlemen, indicative of their mutual agreement not to waste breath in arguing with a female on a subject she would clearly never understand. Bertram passed his hand over his brow, heaving a short sigh.

"There's only one thing to be done," he said. "I have thought it all over, Bella, and I mean to enlist under a false name. I should have done it yesterday, only there's something I must do first. Affair of honor. I shall write to my father, of course, and I daresay he will utterly cast me off, but that can't be helped!"

"How can you say so?" Arabella cried hotly. "Grieved he must be—oh, I dare not even think of it!—but you must know that never, never would he do such an unchristian thing as to cast you off! Oh, do not write to him yet. Give me time to think what I must do."

"There's nothing else to do, Bella," he said. "The army is all I'm fit for, and I cannot show my face again with a load of debt hanging over me. Particularly a debt of honor. Oh, heavens, I think I must have been mad!" His voice broke, and he could not speak for a moment.

In the end he contrived to summon up the travesty of a smile, and to say, "Pretty pair, ain't we? Not that you did anything wrong as I have."

"Oh, I have behaved so dreadfully," she exclaimed. "It is even my fault that you are reduced to these straits! Had I never presented you to Lord Wivenhoe—"

"That's fudge," he said quickly. "I had been to gaming houses before

have known! And to accept notes of hand from you! Surely he might have refused to do so!"

"You don't understand," he said impatiently. "I went there with Chuffy, so why should he refuse to let me play?"

Mr. Scunthorpe nodded. "Very awkward situation, ma'am. Devilish insulting to refuse a man's vowels."

She could not appreciate the niceties of the code evidently shared by both men, but she could accept that they must obtain in male circles.

"I must think it wrong of him," she said. "But never mind! The thing is that he is—that I am particularly acquainted with him! Don't be in despair, Bertram. I am persuaded that if I were to go to him,

With a start, Arabella turned from studying the marbles. "Mr. Beaumaris, what a lucky chance," her godmother was saying delightedly.

dred pounds to a man who is so wealthy that I dare say he regards it no more than you would a shilling?" cried Arabella. "Why, it is absurd!"

Bertram looked despairingly at his friend. Mr. Scunthorpe said painstakingly. "Nothing to do with it, ma'am. Debt of honor is a debt of honor. No getting away from that."

"I cannot agree! I own I do not like to do it, but I could do it, and I know he would never refuse me!"

Bertram grasped her wrist. "Listen, Bella! If you dared to do such a thing I swear you'd never see my face again! Besides, even if he did tear up my vowels I should still think myself under an obligation to redeem them. Next you will be suggesting that you should ask him to pay those tradesmen's bills for me."

She colored guiltily, for some such idea had crossed her mind.

"I shall think of something," she said. "I know I shall contrive to help you. Only please, please do not enlist, Bertram! Not yet! Only if I should fail!"

"What do you mean to do?" he demanded. "I shan't enlist until I have seen Mr. Beaumaris, and—explained to him how it is! That I must do. I—I told him I had no funds in London, and should be obliged to send into Yorkshire for them, so he asked me to call at his house on Thursday."

He added sulkily, "It is no use to

look at me like that, Bella! I couldn't tell him I was done-up, and had no means of paying him, with them all there, listening to what we were saying. Bella, have you any money?"

She thrust her purse into his hand. "Yes, yes, of course! If only I had not bought these gloves, and the shoes, and the new scarf. There are only ten guineas left, but it will be enough to make you more comfortable until I have thought how to help you, won't it? Do, do remove from this dreadful house! I saw quite a number of inns on our way, and some of them looked respectable!"

It was plain that Bertram would be only too ready to change his quarters, and, after a brief dispute, in which he was very glad to be worsted, he took the purse, gave her a hug, and said that she was the best sister in the world.

Mr. Scunthorpe, prefixing his remark with one of his deprecating coughs, suggested that as the hackney had been told to wait for them, he and Miss Tallant ought, perhaps, to be taking their leave.

Arabella was inclined to go at once in search of a suitable hostelry for Bertram, but she was earnestly dissuaded, Mr. Scunthorpe promising to see to this matter himself. The brother and sister then parted, clinging to each other in such a moving way that Mr. Scunthorpe was much affected by the sight.

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PART NINE OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

I met him. I ought not to have gone with him to the Nonesuch. Only I had lost money on a race, and I thought—"

"Bertram, who won your money at the Nonesuch?" she asked.

"The bank. It was faro."

"Yes, but someone holds the bank! Who was it?"

"The Nonpareil."

She stared at him. "Mr. Beaumaris?" she gasped. He nodded. "Oh, no, do not say so! How could he have let you—no, no, Bertram!"

She sounded so much distressed that he was puzzled. "Why shouldn't he?"

"You are only a boy! He must

explain that you are not of age, and not a rich man's son, he will forgive the debt."

She broke off, for there was no mistaking the expressions of shocked disapprobation in both Bertram's and Mr. Scunthorpe's faces.

"Good heavens, Bella, what will you say next!"

"But, Bertram, indeed he is not proud and disagreeable, as so many people think him! I—I have found him particularly kind and obliging!"

"Bella, this is a debt of honor! If it takes me my life to do it, I must pay it, and so I shall tell him."

Mr. Scunthorpe nodded judicial approval of this decision.

"Spend your life paying six hun-





Benefit of Doubt

By BURT SIMS

At last, after six years, he had his chance to collect the debt—with interest

HE had been sitting in the lounge for perhaps an hour, drinking slowly and just watching the people. He liked to just watch the people, because it had been a long time and he was still getting used to how it is, away from a hospital.

He was idly making wet patterns with his glass, his dark face sober, when a hand clapped him on the shoulder and a voice thick with shock blurted, "Charley—Charley Neall!"

He turned quickly, and Bill Meladey, standing there with a girl, was saying, "I don't believe it. Right here in front of me, and I don't believe it." His voice was taut. "Last time I saw you, you were going down—on fire." He wet his lips. "I looked and looked—but I didn't see a 'chute."

The thrumming was going full blast in Charley, like a harp string viciously plucked.

He said evenly, as though it had been only yesterday, "I fell four miles before I could get out. The canopy was jammed."

He had thought of it, at first, as something over twenty thousand feet. But as time wore on and the bitterness festered, miles became the only word to describe the length of that nightmare.

An odd silence lay between them. They had not shaken hands. Charley felt the thrumming ease off into a strange, rewarding satisfaction. This, finally, was to be the end of a long and devious line, and he was going to be Number One to land.

Where he had been, he had learned to wait. He had known that, somehow, he would meet Bill Meladey again. Now he had—and he could wait a little longer.

The girl was regarding Charley with interest. He was a stocky, deep-chested young man with rebellious black hair and faint sardonic lines around his mouth. "A family reunion?" Like an afterthought, she hung a nice smile on the end of it.

"Something like that. Bill was my Number Two, once upon a very hot time." He blew out a breath. "The war before last . . . you know what a Number Two was? He was the chap supposed to protect you while you did a little shooting; supposed to help you look; supposed to keep the other Jerries off your back." He had control again. "Isn't that right, Bill?"

Meladey's squarish face reddened. The girl put a hand lightly on his arm, and gazed at Charley with speculation, as though he might hold a number of unpleasant surprises. She was slender, not too tall, with blonde, well-brushed hair and calm blue eyes. "You sound bitter, friend. Are you a little tight, or maybe something?"

"I'm a little maybe something—That's a nice uniform, Bill. So you finally made squadron-leader. Remember what we used to say? 'All you have to do is last.' Remember?"

"Look, Charley—"

The girl shook her head. "Someone has been giving you quite a beating, hasn't he?"

Meladey's face was unhappy. "Charley, let's skip it for now. It's been a long time—"

"Six years."

The girl said, "After all this it occurs to me that this possibly is the Charley Neal. Charley the Great. 'We were like brothers,' she recalled from someone else's conversation. "What a man—"

The words trailed off, but none of her subtle sarcasm was lost. Even in this situation, Charley had to admire her. He had been rough on her boyfriend, perhaps—but she was still with the chap who had brought her.

"Sorry," Bill said stiffly. "Charley, this is Louise McNair." "Bill mentioned you so often," she said coolly, "that I felt I knew you very well. Now, I'm not so sure."

"Different?" inquired Charley.

"Decidedly."

"Maybe I've changed. Everybody changes."

"People grow up, you mean?"

"Not always up." He looked at Bill, the pressure building again. "Some grow down. Smaller."

As though he felt compelled to keep the conversation on a polite plane, Bill said uncomfortably, "What've you been doing all this time?"

He won't fight back, Charley thought. He doesn't want it all to come out, now. Not with the girl here. The doubt which had teetered maddeningly in his mind for six years—sometimes making excuses for Meladey, other times blackly

accusing him—swung again, and Charley was close to believing the worst.

"Just lying around," he answered cryptically. "In hospitals."

"Is it all right," Louise inquired politely, "to ask what was the matter with you?"

"Something happened to my back when I hit. The 'chute was burning, and I came down kind of fast."

He said it flatly, but he saw the recognition come to Bill's eyes. A burning parachute. That nightmare of all airmen. "Later, I had a couple of operations, and they finally shipped me home. I fell on the boat coming back, and that fixed me real good."

She said in a small voice, "Oh."

Bill wouldn't meet his eyes. If he'd look at me, Charley thought, I might be able to tell. Suddenly, now they were together again, he knew he didn't want to believe the worst. Maybe that was why the doubt was there—wishful thinking, trying to give Bill an excuse.

The lounge was filling up. Bill shifted his feet. "Look. We were going out to dinner." He made the effort. "Why not join us?"

He wondered if he read a note of obligation in Bill's voice. That could be the beginning of an answer.

Louise's smile was forgiving. "You're so wound up. Forget it for awhile, if you can."

He looked at her a long moment, liking what he saw. A new kind of interest flickered, and he saw her eyes wonder a little, suddenly, with surprise. It occurred to him that if it turned out to be rough on Bill, losing a girl like this, he had it coming. It could be part payment.

"Well," Charley said, "it's an idea."

In Bill's convertible, purring through the early night, Charley was aware of the girl's perfume, light and elusive, and of her warmth seated beside him. It reminded him of Paris, on the way back. Later, perhaps, someone else's perfume would remind him of Louise McNair. Memories often graduate like that.

But he wondered if a later doubt could ever dwarf the one he had entertained about Bill for six years.

No one could argue against his right to be bitter. One foul moment had come. He had barely escaped a searing death to wallow in pain for months. Then, while the others were restoring themselves to civilian life, resuming careers, coming back to loving and living, building for the future, he had been held suspended. He would always be six years behind . . .

Now the violent thrumming jangled through him again, and he clenched his fists and sat rigidly. Louise touched his arm and her voice was soft. "Relax, Charley. It's such a beautiful night."

She left them for a moment when they entered the restaurant. Charley watched her slender-lined, well-shaped legs.

"Where'd you find that?"

"Out here. Right after I got back."



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

"She's nice." And the back of his mind told him again what it had told him during those years. He might have had a girl like that . . .

The memory, far to the front of his mind, slid forward abruptly, and he stared at the wall without seeing. Infrequently, a pilot who was nearly through his required tour would realise he stood a good chance of making it all in one piece. He'd suddenly start calculating the risks with great care. He'd suddenly stop being quite so eager. Only eager to fly and get the required number of hours in a combat zone—without combat.

That last fight, near the end of Bill's tour, had been one of the roughest of them all—and if a man was going to stop being eager, that had been the place.

It was a bomber escort on a daylight raid. The flak was a ragged, buffeting storm, a writing canopy of black claws shot through with red, abrupt blossoms.

Then, the fighter squadron swung in a wide orbit to protect the slower bombers. The old, familiar pinpoint of ice stung his stomach. Even as he squinted through that high pale blue in search of the approaching enemy fighters, it happened.

He saw Bill's plane, hanging dutifully off his left wing, pull up sharply and turn away. His jaw dropped. In that same unbelievable instant, jarring fists tore the stick out of his hand and his plane veered sickeningly. Grasping fingers of flame erupted, curling back over the canopy. And then he was falling through space from four miles up—alone and unaided, even as he had been in the moment of attack . . . and somewhere above him, in that blazing pale sky, rode Bill Meladey—all in one piece . . .

His mind had registered it immediately and indelibly. The enemy had attacked and Bill had fled, and the coincidence had been overpowering.

He could ask Bill, pointblank—but that little doubt warned him. The ache of not knowing was a strange loneliness. He actually wanted things the warm good way they once had been between them. But if he asked that question, bluntly, openly, and it hadn't been Bill's fault, things could never be the old way again.

Still, they weren't the old way now . . . and if Bill had been to blame . . . He drew a sharp breath, scowling. He had to know for sure. He had to find out whether Bill Meladey, in that one brief moment, had thought only of himself.

They ordered dinner and were having another drink when Bill glanced at his watch. "Hey, I almost forgot. I have to ring the office. I'm out at Northwest Aircraft, now, Charley. Working on jets. Got a new one, a light bomber that's going to be a sweetheart. We were expecting some

As the fire spread rapidly about him, Charley saw with horror that Bill's plane, unbelievably, was deserting him.

reports on it to-night. I'm supposed to check . . . Say, why don't you come out to-morrow and look it over?"

"Yes," said Charley. "I might do that."

Bill hesitated, turning his glass. "You lined up for anything? A job?"

"Well, nothing just yet. I—"

"Maybe I can fix it up," Bill said with a show of heartiness. "I know a lot of chaps out there. With all you know, there should be something—"

Was there that note of obligation again? Didn't he know he was overdoing it, giving himself away?

"Thanks."

Bill drained his glass and stood up. "Don't mention it. It's the least I could do."

"Yes," Charley studied him. "Maybe it is."

Bill flushed. "Well—see you in a minute."

"How about that?" asked Charley, looking after him. "A junior executive, flying a desk. He won't even need a parachute for that."

Louise said quietly, "He still flies."

"That was a low blow," Charley admitted. "I shouldn't have said it. Not to you."

"Well, that helps a little. Every now and then, Charley, you sound like I thought you'd sound. Perhaps one of these days you'll decide who you really are—again."

"I know who I am," he said grimly.

But her words didn't bounce off, the way he thought they would. He kept listening to what she had said, even though she was through saying it.

"Are you going out there to-morrow?"

"I might," he said.

"If you go in the morning I could drop you off. I have to drive within a few blocks of the plant."

"What do you do?"

"Teach. A nursery school." From the way she said it, he knew she liked it. "I'll be going out at ten to-morrow."

He smiled at her. "I'd be crazy to turn down the offer."

"Perhaps I'm crazy for making it," she said with a quick seriousness. Then she smiled, and he saw, maybe there was something about him she was beginning to like, and he smiled back. It was all nice and warm. It wasn't until later that he wondered if she was just going along with him, hoping there'd be some way she could help Bill.

Sitting beside her the next morning as she drove, he was struck by the friendly graciousness of her manner, the way she had accepted him on the strength of what Bill had told her—despite the obvious strain now between them.

"You know," she said suddenly, "Bill never stopped wondering about you. Every time he'd meet someone who had been a prisoner, he'd ask."

"I didn't make a prison camp," he said briefly.

Her face was puzzled. "But—what did you do?"

"I tried to walk out. Haystacks and barns in the daytime, walking at night. The nights I could walk." He was uncomfortable, telling her. It actually was something between him and Bill.

"Did you have anything to eat?"

"Oh, sure. We had little escape kits with concentrated stuff. Now and then a turnip field had something left in it. Shot a crow, once . . ."

Yes, he remembered now, I ate crow—and I thought about you a lot, Bill.

He didn't want to talk about it any more. It had been very bad, all of it, and he didn't think he had sounded as though he were seeking sympathy.

Her voice was gentle. "Go on."

He scowled at her. "Maybe I should lie on a couch, and you could take notes . . . Well, I finally tied in with some underground people. One of them did the best he could do about my back and the burns. Then a tank outfit steamed into town one afternoon." He shrugged. "Finì la wretched guerre."

Please turn to page 39

MOVADO

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MOVADO

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 39

February 27, 1952

HELP FOR FIRE VICTIMS

THE appalling damage caused by bushfires this summer along almost the entire eastern sweep of the continent has seldom been equalled in Australian records.

The harm done by the fires will be felt nationally, and even internationally, since primary production has been hit so hard.

And what of the bushfire victims themselves?

Many of them can say only: "We've lost everything."

Both State and Commonwealth Governments will recompense them in time, although whether the recompense will be adequate still remains to be seen.

In a time of calamity, when you have "lost everything," it is immediate help, as well as the thought of future recompense, that keeps hope alive.

Local committees have done their splendid best in giving this on-the-spot help.

Government and semi-government bodies have been on hand with tents, food, and clothing.

The Red Cross and similar organisations have maintained their tradition of help in time of need.

But in all this time there has been no national appeal, no organised national centre for gathering clothing and household goods to help the bushfire victim start again.

Lacking this organised centre, many people have not stopped to consider what they could spare that might be useful.

This is a pity, because all over Australia people have wanted to help.

Is it too late for such an organisation to swing into action?

OUR COVER

We don't know the name of the girl on our cover. She was photographed in Europe and we liked the study, as we think you will. Perhaps it could be entitled "One masterpiece of nature contemplates another." It's a pin-up, anyhow.

This week:

● Mary Bishop, whose short story "Don't Talk About Love" appears on page 2, is in private life Mrs. Lucille M. King, of Ipswich, Queensland. She is an American who came to this country 12 years ago, and has two young daughters. "I have been a schoolteacher, waitress, doctor's assistant, research assistant (once had a job measuring bacteria), and a bacteriologist at the University of Minnesota, U.S.A.," she tells us. "I am now a part-time assistant to a veterinary surgeon, my husband I started writing five years ago after reading some thousand-word newspaper stories. My second story was accepted, and though at times editors have been unkind I now find that trying to write is an incurable disease—a disease a wife and mother could well do without. Once you become a wife and mother you cease being an individual and become an institution."

● You will like the ideas for table settings on pages 20 to 23. They are effective as they stand, and imaginative hostesses will be able to devise many variations from the suggestions given.

Next week:

● The judges are now making their final decisions on the winning entries for our Quiz Contest. Because of the huge number of entries their job has been difficult. We expect to announce the result very shortly.

● Australian ski enthusiasts who are unable to travel abroad are envious of the wonderful snow sports facilities in older countries. In next week's paper are two pages of color pictures of Sestriere, in the Italian Alps, taken by Brian Chirlian, an Australian who has been visiting Europe. A ski-ing holiday at Sestriere is much more luxurious than one in Australia, and costs less.

● Other color features include a souvenir full-page portrait of the new Queen and her consort, and two pages telling Elizabeth's life story in pictures.

BOOK REVIEW

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN

PALOMA
By
ROBERT HENREY

THE delicious young ladies who sang prettily in the chorus of George Edwardes' Gaiety Theatre, while they tossed lively glances among the eager young bloods in the stalls, were an integral part of the gay Edwardian era.

Their beauty and fame as George Edwardes' "young ladies" carried them along in a whirl of champagne frivolity.

Some let the champagne become more important than anything, and their end was not good. Others married into the peerage, and others, again, allied their beauty to shrewdness and "plunged their fingers into sacks of gold, and the gold stuck to their fingers."

French peasant girl Paloma Garcia, who abandoned her name of Marie Saquet when she left her Burgundy home to conquer London with her beauty, was one of the shrewd ones.

She is the heroine of Mrs. Robert Henry's latest book, "Paloma," and she is a very dull heroine indeed.

She is an "unreasonable, sarcastic, cruel, and jealous woman," well on in her seventies, when Mrs. Henry introduces the reader to her with a preponderance of detail which

reveals little of the brighter side of the life of a woman who was a toast of Edwardian England.

Apart from her rudeness, the only thing which seems to distinguish Paloma from the ordinary run of women is her "swan-like-neck." But Mrs. Henry, who tells the story in the first person, seems to find her an absorbing subject.

Through 264 pages she seeks clues to Paloma's past. In the end she seems satisfied that she has discovered the Paloma of bygone romantic days.

In the early pages Mrs. Henry touches the high standard of her recent autobiography, "The Little Madeline." She introduces several interesting women characters, but she lets them disappear

in her pursuit of Paloma.

There is the lithe and lovely Emma, a little too well groomed, too tastefully dressed, too much in love with her handsome, absent soldier husband but, nonetheless, exhilarated in the company of other men.

There is the insensitive, profit-loving Gabrielle, the defeated Sally, a former ballet dancer, the voluptuous Italian cashier, and the doctor's wife, who revels in her position as the doctor's wife.

But the best character is the plain Louise, who served her two beautiful sisters, Paloma and Josephine, and was grateful for the crumbs of their success. Josephine was to Paris what Paloma was to London.

One of the few poignant moments in the book tells of Louise's despair when the cruel Paloma packs her back to Burgundy after finding her in the arms of a London butcher—the height of Louise's simple ambition. Paloma was not a snob, she did not mind the butcher, but she thought she would punish Louise.

"Paloma" is published by J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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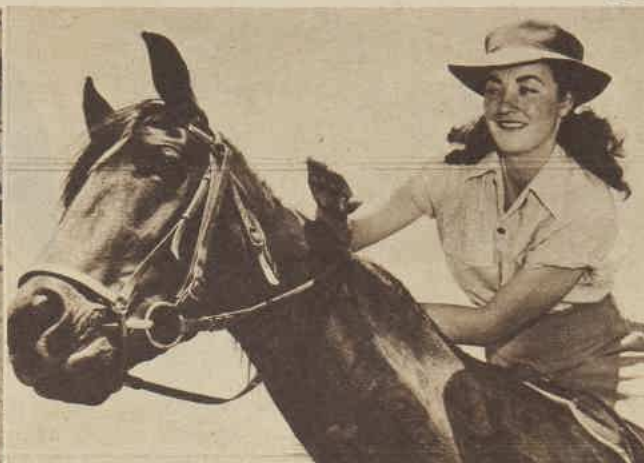
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He teaches finesse of riding



DIFFICULT FEAT. Captain Pearce demonstrates a right half-pass, in which the horse walks diagonally, crossing his legs. Captain Pearce wears "informal dress" at classes.



PAT OF PRAISE for Ivel Hilliard's horse is given according to Captain Pearce's instruction to "make much of him" after he has performed well. Ivel has won 60 championships and 500 ribbons in three years of show riding.



PREPARE TO HALT! Captain Pearce gives an order to the class attending his Dressage School at Sydney Showground.

Has mastered the art in 60 years' study

Experienced Australian horsemen and horsewomen are brushing up on the finer points of show riding at a Dressage School conducted by an ex-English Army officer, Captain J. J. Pearce, at the Sydney Showground.

A DICTIONARY defines dressage as "guidance of a mount through sets of manoeuvres without perceptible use of aids." Captain Pearce says it just means schooling and smartening up a horse.

The classes—the first of their kind in Australia—are preparing riders for equestrian events at the Royal Agricultural Show

in Sydney next Easter. They also provide basic training for the 1956 Olympic Games.

Stocky, grey-haired Captain Pearce has been in Australia for 18 months.

Just before leaving England he won the English Champion Open Dressage Test.

"I'm above average age for this job," he told me, "but it takes a lifetime to learn, and I seem to be the only one who has had the time."

By **AUDREY BUDD**, staff reporter

On the practice ground he doesn't spare his pupils' feelings. His clipped British voice cuts the air with:

"There goes a green horse, and a rider almost as green"; "Get on your knees and pray, do anything, but ride with the thigh and the knee"; "There's no better exercise than this, even if it is hard on some of your muscles"; "There's some sticky old woman lagging behind there"; "You're only a passenger on that horse"; "Anticipate the horse or you'll find yourself on the ground"; "Keep your seat in the right place."

But behind this brusqueness are kindness, understanding, and a sense of humor which make him a popular teacher.

The first lesson is the walk and its variations.

On the second day, Captain Pearce orders everyone to remove saddles and stirrups and ride only on saddle cloths.

"That idea is a relic from my Vienna days when I rode for a year without saddle and stirrups," the Captain said. "It gives a rider independence, an adaptable seat, and good hands."

In more than 60 years of riding, Captain Pearce has had fractured limbs 18 times.

"Look at that arm," he said, thrusting a sunburnt, sinewy forearm at me. "Broken in four places and as crooked as a ram's horn. I've had one leg broken in seven places, too, but all that is just part of the mill you go through if you want to go in for bronco-busting, hunting, jumping, and polo."

Despite Captain Pearce's accent, he was born in New York and did not settle in England until after his marriage.

"I can't remember when I first rode a horse, but riding

has pretty well been my life since I was foaled," he said.

"When I was 17 I was all for being a bronco-busting cowboy in a ten-gallon hat. That was why I spent three years on a cattle ranch in Wyoming."

"Then I had a windfall, so I went to Vienna in 1899 and studied for three years there at the famous Spanish Court Riding School, where I took a diploma. I have since gone back for several refresher courses," he added.

Captain Pearce was a British cavalry officer in World War I and then became an instructor in British cavalry schools. During World War II he commanded a Home Guard cavalry troop in London.

He dates his riding successes from 1921, when he was the first to win for England the International Military Ride and Endurance Test at Olympia.

He completed the three-day test in one day. It was divided into sections for dressage, show

jumping, cross-country riding, steeplechasing and road work which required him to ride for 35 miles at 10 miles an hour.

He is organising a similar one-day event to take place next May in Adelaide, where he has made his headquarters.

After teaching in Perth, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney, he sums up Australian riders: "They have talent and good horses. With proper training they should be able to hold their own internationally."

"Their biggest fault is that they keep the leg too far forward. The correct way is to use legs as well as hands."

Captain Pearce's children inherited his love of horses. One son, Captain E. A. Pearce, is Master of the Lauderdale Hounds in Scotland. His daughter, Mrs. Daisy Lyon, is well known in England for showing, judging, and hunting, and her husband, Colonel W. E. Lyons, edits "The Horseman's Year Book."

Captain Pearce's other son, a British Army cavalry officer in India, was killed in a steeplechase at Lahore in 1945.

The Captain says his six grandchildren are "promising."

Captain Pearce has written two books, "The Horse Rant" (on training horses) and "Everybody's Polo." He has played polo all over the world and was a member of the famous Rugby polo team in England.

"I once wrote a film script about the Empress of Austria, who was passionately fond of horses and was assassinated in 1898," he said. "J. Arthur Rank and Sir Alexander Korda turned it down because it was too costly to produce."

Captain Pearce admitted he's a side-saddle fan.

"I'm old-fashioned enough to think there's no nicer sight than a woman riding side-saddle. Incidentally, Queen Elizabeth rides side-saddle quite well," he said.

He recalled the spectacular parades in London's Rotten Row in the Edwardian era.

"Those were the days of beautiful horses and beautiful costumes, but you'd never see them now," he said sadly. "Horses, feed, and stables are too expensive, and the Row is almost deserted."

WON FILM ROLE FROM 300 GIRLS

By **FREDA YOUNG**, staff reporter

Patricia Walters, now of Broadview, South Australia, was barely in her teens when she was cast as Harriet in Jean Renoir's technicolor film version of Rumer Godden's novel, "The River."

WITHOUT previous acting experience—not even in a school play—she won the role from 300 applicants in Calcutta.

Now 16, Patricia is paying her third visit to Australia with her mother and only brother, Cyril, aged 19.

Her father, Mr. C. H. Walters, is still in Calcutta with his next long leave two years away, although Mrs. Walters hopes to rejoin him in India before then.

The film, which last year won an award at the Venice Film Festival and this year was voted the best film of the year by the Women's Clubs of America, was made in Calcutta, where Patricia was born.

"I got the job by answering an advertisement in a Calcutta newspaper for a young English girl, aged 13 or 14, to play a role in an American film," Patricia told me.

"First of all, though, I had to plead to get mother's permission to apply for it."

After weeks of interviews and tests all the other girls were eliminated. However, Patricia waited for months without hearing from the film company officers, who had returned to Hollywood.

She was surprised when they sent money to take her and her mother to the hills for a holiday.

Health precious

LATER Patricia discovered they had done this as a precaution against her losing weight or becoming sick during the monsoon season.

When the film company arrived back in Calcutta, months later, they asked Patricia and her parents to their hotel. There, Jean Renoir finally told her she was actually to play Harriet.

In the film Harriet is the 12-year-old daughter of an English family of seven, headed

by Nora Swinburne and Esmond Knight as the parents.

The story concerns a young American officer, embittered at the loss of a leg in the war, who visits India.

Harriet and two older friends—an English girl and an Indian girl—fall in love with him. Each of the girls plays a part in his recovery of lost ideals.

During the film, Harriet, feeling she is responsible for her little brother's death, tries to drown herself in the Hooghly River.

"I could not have gone into the river," Patricia explained. "So disinfectants were poured into a pool slightly deeper than myself and full of frogs and wogs, and in I went."

"When my feet touched the slimy bottom I couldn't bear it and kept bobbing my head up."

"I am afraid I made a bad drowning and was glad to be rescued."

"But I was no sooner dried



CALCUTTA-BORN English girl Patricia Walters, as Harriet, with film star Tom Breen (Captain John) in a scene from the technicolor film "The River."

off, given hot soup, and wrapped in blankets than I had to do it all over again. The lighting was wrong the first time," she added.

Patricia has left school and since arriving in Adelaide last year has lived at home.

"My family and friends aren't very impressed with my being in movies, but I bet they will be when they see the picture," she predicted.



PATRICIA with her mother at home in Broadview, South Australia. She devotes much time to music.

V.C. winner to serve here with R.A.N.

Hero and wife have lived in 20 homes

From MARCIA PICKARD, in London

Captain Stephen Beattie, V.C., R.N., one of Britain's most famous sailors, will leave for Australia next month with his wife and three of their four sons.

The exploit for which Captain Beattie won the V.C. was one of the most daring of the war. As commander of the destroyer *Campbelltown* he rammed the lock gates of the naval dock at St. Nazaire, in 1942.

THIS was achieved under point-blank fire from German shore batteries and in the glare of searchlights focused on his ship.

The object of the raid was to destroy the dock—the only one between Germany and Singapore, apart from those in Mediterranean ports, which the battleship *Tirpitz* could use.

So inspiring was Beattie's bravery that, at a time when security regulations were strictest, his name was released with the account of the raid.

When his V.C. was announced the German commander of the prison camp where he spent three years called a special parade and saluted him.

Beattie directed the *Campbelltown* through the double torpedo haffle protecting the entrance to St. Nazaire Harbor.

The bows of the ship had been stiffened and filled with five tons of delayed action high explosives to blast the lock gates, which were from 20 to 30 feet thick.

The ship rammed the centre of the main gate. The force of the impact was so great that

the destroyer came to a standstill only when the bridge itself was abreast of the gate.

Captain Beattie was on deck and fully visible from the shore throughout the action.

As soon as the bow was firmly wedged the special service troops on board were landed to set about their demolition work. A motor launch took off the crew of the *Campbelltown* and at the appointed hour the destroyer blew up.

Captain Beattie said that although the operation was carried out under intense fire, the glare of the enemy searchlights actually helped him scuttle the ship in the required position.

As a prisoner of war for more than three years, Captain Beattie served on escape committees at Marlag and Marlag Nord. He worked on tunneling projects which enabled several escapes to be made, and for this he was mentioned in dispatches. An earlier mention was in 1940 for North Sea operations against E boats.

Captain Beattie, the very human father of four boys, has a good sense of humor and is pleasant to meet. He is going to Australia on exchange to the R.A.N. from the com-



CAPTAIN STEPHEN BEATTIE, V.C., with his wife and their sons, Michael, Nicholas, and Timothy.

mand of Greenwich Naval College, one of the rare shore jobs of his career.

That career has been varied enough—he and his wife have had 20 different homes in just that number of years of marriage.

The Beattie boys have often left one house to go to school and come home at the end of the term to a different house in a different place.

The second boy, James, aged 14, has started a naval career at Pangbourne Naval

College. He will remain in England, but the other three will travel to Australia.

Mrs. Beattie's mother, Mrs. Philippa Blanchflower, is an Australian. She recently returned to live in Melbourne after 40 years' absence. She is the widow of R.N. Paymaster-Commander Blanchflower.

Captain Beattie is the eldest son of Prebendary E. H. Beattie, of Herefordshire. Rev. Beattie won the M.C. as chaplain in World War I.

Captain Beattie's eldest boy, Michael, is 17. He recently left Rugby and proudly wears the same old school tie as his father. Michael is keen about going to Australia. He is a swimming and sailing enthusiast. One of his favorite musicians is Graeme Bell.

Nicholas, who is 10, says he wants to join the Navy, too. Timothy, at 4½, has no am-

bitions—but he can sing Gilbert and Sullivan opera, thus distinguishing himself as the only musically accomplished member of the family.

Captain Beattie will cross the equator for the first time on his trip to Australia, although he has been 26 years at sea.

And it will be the first time he has travelled in a merchant ship—the *Strathaird*.

Aussie 'gang' at American university

By LORRAINE STUMM

Most of our 7000 fellow students at Stanford University, California, call the group of four Australians here, to which I belong, "The Aussie Gang."

THE three other members of the "gang" are Mrs. Neilma Gantner, Violet Young, and Ian Reed, all formerly of Melbourne. I come from Queensland.

Classmates include Bing Crosby's son, Gary; Jon Lindbergh, son of Colonel Charles Lindbergh; Joe P. Swanson, foster son of actress Gloria Swanson; Jack Benny's daughter, Joan; and Admiral Chester Nimitz' daughter, Mary.

Neilma, daughter of the late Sidney Myer, founder of Myer's, Melbourne and Adelaide, is continuing the Arts course she was doing at Melbourne University before her marriage in 1941. She has just begun her third year as a Stanford student.

Now divorced, she sandwiches classes in between household duties, which include looking after her sons,

Vallejo, nine, and Carillo, seven.

Violet Young, who is in her second year of Asiatic and Slavic studies, came to the United States in 1950 to continue her work in this field. She graduated from Melbourne University with a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1942.

Violet is the daughter of a Chinese father and an Australian mother. Her parents live in Melbourne.

Last June she surprised them by cabling home news of her marriage to A. Martin Labson, a Spanish Filipino student at Hartnell Agricultural College.

Ian Reed has done more to publicise Australia at Stanford than the rest of us. This is mainly because he is good-looking enough to crash the movies; he's an outstanding athlete and what the Americans call "a good guy."

At the Empire Games in Auckland, in 1950, he won the

discus championship and established a new record with a throw of 158 feet. He holds the Australian discus championship and record.

Ian came to the United States later in 1950 as a crew hand on the Swedish ship *Parrakoola* as a starter to seeing the world. Stanford offered him an athletic scholarship which he accepted, and he has been a student here ever since.

He is 24 years old, weighs 13½ stone, and is a graduate in chemistry of the Technical College, Melbourne.

He is the son of Mrs. S. M. Reed, of Alphington, Melbourne, and the late Mr. Reed. After taking several arts subjects Ian has now transferred to the Speech and Drama department.

Track experts here say that the experience Ian is gaining at Stanford should stand by him for this year's Olympics at Helsinki, at which he is expected to represent Australia.

To limber up during the last summer vacation (June to September in this hemisphere), Ian went to Alaska on a laboring job. He earned enough money to keep him for

the remainder of the year.

I am one of the 3500 foreign students to be brought to America in 1951-2 under the Fulbright Exchange Scholarships given by the American Government.

These provide transport, tuition, and, in some cases, maintenance for graduates of foreign universities who want to continue their studies in the United States. My course is a master's degree in journalism from Stanford's Institute of Journalistic Studies.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

SOME of the advertisements in this issue were prepared in anticipation of the Royal visit. They were so far advanced in preparation that they could not be withdrawn when the news of the King's death was received. Consequently, some references in them are unsuitable at the present time. We make this announcement in justice to the advertisers concerned.



FOUR AUSTRALIANS at Stanford University, California (from left), Lorraine Stumm, writer of the accompanying article, Ian Reed, Neilma Gantner, and Violet Young.



Your ideal companion —
a Radiola Portable

*Enjoy Radio at its best
with the*



RADIOLA
champion 4



For your personal entertainment an
A.W.A. Radiola mantel model.

Here is a sparkling little radio made for your particular enjoyment by the engineer-craftsmen of A.W.A. It has everything — crisp, clear tone you can adjust to your own liking, legible dial, flexible controls, and a delightful moulded cabinet that will grace any room in your home. See and hear the new A.W.A. Radiola "Champion 4". Any Radiola Distributor will be very proud and pleased to show it to you.

It is a champion in value too.



You can shorten those miles with an A.W.A. car radio.

STATE DISTRIBUTORS: N.S.W. and Victoria; Amalgamated Wireless (Australasia) Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne — Queensland; Chandlers Pty. Ltd., Brisbane — South Australia; Newton McLaren Ltd., Adelaide — West Australia; Nicholsons Ltd., Perth — Tasmania; Noyes Bros. (Melbourne) Ltd., Hobart. Findlays Pty. Ltd., Launceston.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

AMALGAMATED WIRELESS (AUSTRALASIA) LIMITED



The complete instrument—the A.W.A. Radiolagram.



For perfect reproduction—the A.W.A. Radiola console.

*There is an
A.W.A. Radiola
for every occasion*

Did you
PROTEX
yourself this
morning?



I ENJOY THE
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS
MY CHOICE AS
A DEODORANT
COMPLEXION SOAP



BOY-PROTEX MAKES
YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze
with Protex, the deodorant
Complexion Soap with the
clean bushland fragrance.
Protex is medicated to
guard against offending, and
infection. Protex is the soap
for all the family.



REGULAR
SIZE
BATH SIZE

ANNABELLE



"Phew! I'm quite worn out after shopping all lunch hour."

BUTCH



"I found them on th' guy's bureau. Honest, I didn't BUY those tickets for th' Firemen's Ball."

It seems to me

THE boys are due for a shock if the movement started by Miss Jo Stafford, American radio singer, attracts any substantial following.

Miss Stafford, whose shows are heard on "The Voice of America," the State Department's broadcast, advocated "that scrubbed look."

She spoke frankly of her freckles and declared that from now on she is going to be herself.

History proved, she said, that "sham and over-use of facial cosmetics" always preceded the fall of civilisations.

Historically, Miss Stafford may have something, but I think she is a little muddled. Lavish use of cosmetics may be a sign of a decadent civilisation, but hardly a cause of it.

Perhaps it is a little mean of me to mention this, but I'm told that Miss Stafford, a good-looking brunette, was rather homely until she embarked on one of those make-you-over American beauty courses.

Although she is a popular singer, somehow I don't think the cosmetics manufacturers need worry unduly just yet. There will be so many of us left who, while civilisation is crumbling, wish to put a brave face on it.

Where's that lipstick?

FRAGMENT of conversation overheard in a bus the other morning:

Two smart women were discussing a forthcoming wedding. Said one, "Yes, I have an invitation. It's at such-and-such church."

"Oh, of course," said the other. "He always gets married there."

TOKIO'S largest newspaper recently said that Japanese listeners were tired of an American-ordered radio serial called "The Daily Life of Miss Eriko."

The story told how Miss Eriko remodelled her life on democratic lines. The Japanese, said the newspaper, were tired of being lectured on democracy. They understood it now.

It could have added that the Japanese, now having achieved what they wanted, a favorable peace treaty, don't need to pretend an interest in democracy any more.

A lot of earnest people worked very hard in the past seven years to teach the Japanese about democracy. Unfortunately, some of them talked an awful lot of rot.

I remember in Japan in 1946 hearing about a young American woman who was lecturing a Japanese audience on the importance of the women's vote in Japan's first post-war election. In democratic countries, she said, women often voted differently from their husbands.

"But," asked a young Japanese man in the audience, "doesn't that cause trouble?"

"Oh, no," said the lecturer (a single girl), giving the young man a pitying smile. "They may have differing political views but that would make no difference to marriage."

Which is foolish. Democratic husbands and wives can, and do sometimes, vote differently. The ballot is secret. But those who think alike politically usually get along better and it would have been more sensible to admit it.

By



Dorothy Drain

As he went to his brother's funeral he may not have envied the arduous responsibilities that were the late King's lot. But he would be hardly human if he did not feel a pang when he realised how deep was the respect in which the King was held, how comparatively small the interest now aroused by himself.

It may be that the course he chose has been sufficient solace. But it is seldom that romance alone can compensate for the loss of a purpose in life.

The people who took a stern view of Edward's abdication at the time now say, "I told you so."

And many who once hailed him as a gallant, convention-defying figure now, older themselves, merely shake their heads in sympathy.

YOU have heard of "super-markets," those elaborate American versions of the old cash-and-carry, now creeping into big Australian cities?

In Sydney suburbs there is a chain of small cash-and-carry stores. And what do you think they're called? "Super-ettes!"

People interested in the language and what happens to it through usage cannot fail to be impressed by this adventurous disregard of the rules of word formation.

With the "Super-ette" as a pioneer there is every reason to suppose that the next man who establishes a small super-market will call it a "Super-minor."

EVERY week in my life there's a day which custom has put a curse on. It's the day when I have to find something to write a verse on. And though there is never any lack of examples of minor insanity. Of quaint happenings, eccentricities, and human vanity. Sometimes they all seem to add up to nought. I can stare at them for hours without producing a thought.

For instance, this week a husband's union has been formed in South Carolina. Six mink escaped and held passengers at bay in a Norway-bound airliner. And, best of all, perhaps, is the lady in California who set her house on fire because it was so untidy—a gesture all housewives will admire.

And yet to embroider such a theme would be silly. It stands by itself. Further comment would paint the lily.

ONE of the saddest celebrities in the world to-day is Edward, Duke of Windsor.

It is of course impossible to say how he feels himself, but he certainly cuts a sad figure.

For months, even years, after his abdication, mention of the subject was enough to divide any gathering of people into two bitterly opposed camps.

Now, 15 years after, you cannot help wondering whether Edward foresaw his life as it would be. It is one thing to make a dramatic gesture, it is another to have it recalled at intervals throughout your life.

CREST
HOME PERMANENT IS MY
BEAUTY SECRET. I KNOW THAT IT'S
MORE GENTLE THAN OTHER PERMANENTS
BECAUSE IT LEAVES MY HAIR SO MUCH
SOFTER AND WONDERFULLY EASY
TO MANAGE



Lovely
A.N.A.
Hostess

Muriel Meek



MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Should your Crest Home Permanent Wave Kit not live up to the claims made for it in this advertisement, the purchase price will be readily refunded. Simply write, supplying details and enclosing the empty box.

WHY MORE AND MORE WOMEN
ARE TURNING TO CREST

Crest has an exclusive waving lotion which is kinder to the hair than other waving lotions—leaves hair soft and shining, never dry and frizzy.

Crest was developed for Australian conditions—surfing, swimming, days of wind and sun.

Crest gives you a self-setting perm . . . lasts till the day it's cut-off.

Crest comes in three sizes—The Full Kit, the Refill and the Junior Kit (the only Junior Kit complete with curlers.)

At all Chemists and leading Departmental Stores



See for yourself what Crest can do for your hair. Write your name and address on a slip of paper enclosing a 3" or 4" lock of your hair. Mail to Crest Advisory Bureau, Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney.

27/2/52

CREST—CHOICE OF A.N.A. HOSTESSES

C24.WW102g



SPONTEX CLEANS
MY CAR
IN HALF THE TIME!

Nothing equals a super absorbent, tough and resilient Spontex Car Sponge for car cleaning. Spontex carries more water to the job . . . washes clean in half the time. Spontex is unaffected by petrol and oil if thoroughly rinsed after use. From garage and motor accessory dealers.

Spontex
CAR SPONGE
MADE IN G.T. BRITAIN

NOT RUBBER, BUT SUPER-ABSORBENT CELLULOSE

Toilet Spontex for bath, wash basin and for baby. Cosmetic Spontex for make-up. Household Spontex, too, for better home cleaning.

Table Settings

★ Hostesses always want some new way of setting a table for a party. In this section are table settings designed with a suitably festive air. All are simple to copy or adapt.



DRESS MATERIALS appear in a new guise as tablecloths on this black-and-orange luncheon table and in some others that follow in the table-setting feature exclusive to us in Australia, and the property of the National Magazine Co., Pty., Ltd. Dress linen is also used for the vivid orange table-napkins.



WINDOW GARDEN of potted geraniums is used cleverly in the Sunday breakfast setting above, with white-painted grass mats as a table-cover, and the china fowl with the red-pepper "plumage" repeating the barnyard pattern of the pottery breakfast set.



CARNATION TREE. The prettiest feature of the dressed-up luncheon table below is the tall cone of carnations arranged on a chickenwire base. The setting was done specially for a small round table in the living-room of a house or flat.

PASTEL PLAID. The cotton cloth, for which a dress material could be used, sets the color scheme for the women's luncheon table above. Paper butterflies hovering over the flowers dramatise the pattern of the hand-painted china serving-plates.

INTIMATE TEA-TABLE. Set with leaf-patterned china and a harmonising cloth, the tea-table below has the tea-service set out on a tray, leaving plenty of room for cakes, strawberries, and the plate of lemon slices on the table, which is pulled close to a settee.



*No other shampoo
leaves your hair
so shining smooth
and satin soft*



Notice the glorious difference in your hair after your very first Lustre-Creme shampoo. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff is now fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed sunbright highlights.

Under the spell of Lustre-Creme's lanolin-blessed lather, your hair lives, shines, behaves and is eager to curl.

No other shampoo in the world can work this miracle for your hair because Lustre-Creme's life-giving lather puts back your hair's own natural oils, dried out in sun and wind.

Lustre-Creme
THE LANOLIZED CREAM
Shampoo



SO BEAUTIFULLY EASY . . . SO EASILY BEAUTIFUL

ANY MOTHER'S SON

**"GEE WHIZ -
THE DENTIST
TOLD MUM
I SHOULD CHEW
JUICY FRUIT!"**

Healthful Juicy Fruit polishes teeth—helps develop growing jaws—keeps up good work of the toothbrush all day.



GLASS place-mats used on this table are most attractive and not at all expensive. Circles of window glass 18 inches in diameter could be used. Fern or leaves offer endless variations in decoration. If you are a flat-dweller, try paper cut-outs or pressed flowers under the glass. An unusual touch is the arrangement of tiger-lilies with the flowers below the rim of the vase. Remember when setting a table that most things which look pretty off the table look pretty on it.

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

ONCE—and it was not long ago—there were three table settings: guests (white cloth, fine china), family dinner (second-best cloth and china), and everyday (sturdy, homely cloth or mats and utility-ware).

Then the world turned over; there were virtually no more servants, and formal serving suddenly became almost impossible. So the seated dinner was often replaced by the buffet, and

the family dinner was brought served to the table.

At the same time, china, table linen, and silver became far more varied. As a result, to-day's fine table need not be costly to set. Its effects, usually as beautiful as those of traditional settings, stem from imaginative arrangement.

Colors may do it; an unexpected centre-piece may do it; the new china, silver, and linens may do it.



WHEN ENTERTAINING after a wedding is limited to a small luncheon or dinner, the right effect is achieved with some simple but sentimental arrangement such as the one above.



FORMAL DINING does not require a stiff setting. Here soft-fringed napkins are tucked into the patterned place-mats and the candelabra are placed at the end of the table for a change.



TWO SEMI-CIRCULAR TABLES join to make a ring table for an engagement party. The heart-shaped mats are of gold leatherette. Flowers in glass tubes are tied to the napkins.

In Gay Colors

DAISIES make a gay border for these plastic place-mats in the informal luncheon or dinner setting at right. The guest's place is marked by bordering a reversed mat with real flowers.



ORANGES and some foliage with green and lemon napery and pottery ware give a rustic effect to the supper table below. Hors-d'oeuvres served in old butter ladles add atmosphere.



Paris sponsors soft lines, Garbo hats

New season's designs are mostly flattering and practical

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

Paris makes no major change of line this season. Hemlines vary from 13 to 14½ inches from the ground. Shoulders are still rounded, and waists moulded at natural level. Full skirts predominate, but fullness is restrained.

SLEEVE treatment, decorative belts below the waistline, boleros, and fabric and color—or rather the absence of color—are fashion news.

Necklines vary between two extremes—either very low and wide, or high and prim.

Convertible clothes are starred.

There is nothing flashy about the styles. They are restrained and distinguished—clothes for "ladies" in the Victorian sense of the word.

Colors are subtle and restrained, too. They include every kind of grey, a chewing-gum beige, a n.d. champagne, mushroom-pink, and pale caramel.

Chalk-white unrelieved by any color, soot-black slashed with white, and navy and white are also popular, even for evening and beach wear.

Very occasionally misty and moonlight colors are cut across by an exciting slash of tropical red, blue, and green.

The most important sleeve line of the season, used by many designers, is the "Chinese lantern." This is

tight at the forearm and swelling out into great fullness between the elbow and the rounded shoulder.

Roughly three-quarters in

length, these sleeves can be pushed up or down at will.

All sleeves are wide under the arm, and many are cut in one piece with the back.

The names the designers have chosen for their styles—the rainbow line, the pigeon line, the heart line, the sunbeam line, the dragon-fly line—express the airiness and lightheartedness of the styles as a whole.

The logical line, however, is perhaps the best description.

They do not deform the natural contours. They are practical and becoming, giving complete freedom of movement, and their soft, fluid lines carried out in light floating fabrics are perfect for summer.

Christian Dior has gone in for simplicity in a big way, relying on fabrics and color for his usual lavish effect.

Battledress tops, this time with deep curved belts and sweater blouses with a cuff round the hips, are revived.

Dior also puts unpressed inverted pleats fullness, the other slender in the form of a vertical oval.

Jean Desses makes convertible dresses an important part of his collection. Many are designed for the busy woman who has not time to go home and change before a date.

Double-breasted boleros in plain fabrics slip off to reveal tinted lacquer or embroidered tops.

The skirt is slender and has a full swing panel at the back. This panel is doubled and lined to match the top of the dress. It can be opened to wrap right round the skirt.

Paquin prefers variety and has three movements—slim and straight widening sharply at the knees; ample with the fullness escaping from the hips; and a broken effect obtained by the use of shaped or pleated frills attached to a long tunic jacket.

He still includes short evening dresses with full skirts, but drops the hem to 10 inches from the ground.

Grey for day wear, with white starched linen fronts, collars, and bows, and black and white for evening dominate his collection, but there are occasional touches of lemon-yellow, passion-red, and lime-green.

For sports wear Fath introduces Garbo hats—soft, slouchy shapes in felt, linen, and pique pulled well down over one eye.

Balmain has two silhouettes



NEW DETAILS include mannish cuffs and skirt fullness bunched to the front.



HATS IN PARIS this spring are mostly half hats, and many are little more than ornaments. This ornament hat in black velvet curled in horn shapes mounted on gold braid is by Fernand Aubry.

London fashions

MARCIA PICKARD cables from London that many of the London couturiers have stripped their spring collections of the more dazzling colors because of Court mourning.

Hartnell predicts that deep metallic grey, which is featured largely this spring, will be the most popular mourning color.

He thinks that women wearing Court mourning will prefer purple to black. He has advised younger women affected by mourning to choose lilac for spring and early summer.

Hardy Amies' spring collection, which basically featured black and white clothes, will need little revision for his Court clients.

Digby Morton begins showing a collection of spring clothes for the

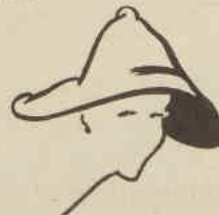
home market this week. His collection emphasises the black, grey, and white favored by Paris. Victor Stiebel, Princess Margaret's new dressmaker, who was making her clothes for her South African holiday, will change a number of trends he introduced.

His essentially young clothes featuring very bare-topped dress styles must now be modified.

The absence of gala occasions in London probably means the further popularity of short evening dresses.



GREY STRAW CAP (left) washed with matching grey silk is from the Dior collection.



GARBO HATS are launched. The version at left is in soft grey felt, and (centre) by Fath in linen. At right is Jean Desses' back-buttoned organdie bertha collar designed to turn off-the-shoulder dressy frocks into town ones. Sketches on this page were drawn exclusively for us by Serge Kogan, successful new young Paris designer.



KURRI MINER Mr. S. B. Dawn is congratulated by Charmian Maynard, our cookery expert, who judged the cooking competition at the Back to Kurri Day celebrations. Mr. Dawn won the prize for the best decorated cake.



PRESENTATION of child debutantes to Alderman W. H. Bray, of Newcastle, and Mrs. Bray was the highlight of the ball which climaxed Back to Kurri Day. Forty-four children took part in the presentation and parade.

Town turned out for Back to Kurri Day

By **AUDREY BUDD**,
staff reporter

Everyone who was anyone in the mining town of Kurri Kurri, New South Wales, turned out for the bazaar, mannequin parade, cooking competition, and ball that were part of the celebrations on Back to Kurri Day.

No one in the district was surprised when a miner, Mr. S. B. Dawn, carried off the prize for the champion iced cake. He's a local expert, and ices most of the cakes for Kurri weddings.

KURRI, which is about 20 miles north-west of Newcastle, has a town and district population of about 1500 people, many of them from Scottish and Welsh mining families, who boast that they have "coal seams in their veins."

The district is rich in musical talent too. Kurri natives include the well-known musicians Ernest Llewellyn, Ron Ryder, Don Blair, Max and Nelson Cook, and Ena Wooderson.

Back to Kurri Day was held to aid the candidature of Margot James, the town's 11-year-old Princess of the Coalfields.

Margot is the granddaughter of Rowley James, who has been M.H.R. for Hunter for the past 23 years.

Her father, a schoolteacher, died two years ago. Her mother, Mrs. Mollie James, is needlework teacher at the mining centres of Kurri, Weston, and Abermain.

Margot is a princess to Claire Jenkins, Y.W.C.A. Queen in Newcastle, who is competing for the title of Miss Newcastle, to be decided at Easter.

Money raised by Margot's

committee will go to Y.W.C.A. funds for a hostel in Newcastle, mainly for students at Newcastle Teachers' College.

The committee is headed by Claire's brother, Les Jenkins, secretary of Kurri Masonic Social Club, who works in the office of Pelaw Main colliery, near Kurri.

Kurri was crowded on "The Day," which the committee had wisely arranged to fall on "Pay Saturday," a fortnightly event.

The celebrations began with a mannequin parade and bazaar in Kurri Ambulance Hall.

Eight local girls modelled the clothes.

Cake "bouquet"

AFTER the parade there was confusion because only eight bouquets arrived and nine were needed for presentation to the mannequins and compere Marj. Johnston.

Some quick thinking found a solution. Miss Johnston was presented with one of the prize-winning sponge cakes.

While the mannequin parade was in progress, Charmian Maynard, the Australian Women's Weekly cookery expert, judged the cooking entries in the adjacent hall.

The winner of the Champion Cook of the North title, Mrs. Colin Harmon, was too shy to attend in case her entries won a prize which she would have to collect.

Photographer Ron Berg and I found Mrs. Harmon at the home of 84-year-old Mrs. H. Roberts, mother of the first baby born in Kurri, 49 years ago.

The two women were elated because Mrs. Roberts had just had a 14/1 win on the Saturday afternoon races. They celebrated each other's good luck in sherry.

Highlight of the ball at night was the presentation of 11 debutantes, all under ten years of age, to Alderman and Mrs. W. H. Bray.

In the parade the debutantes were preceded by bellringers, butterflies, witches, and elves. Each "deb." had her attendant fairies.

Kurri's oldest residents were guests of honor at the celebrations. They included Mrs. V. L. Dill, who had the first drapery shop in the town, and Councillor Jim Butler, who went to Pelaw Main 50 years ago.

"The township was just bush then, with about 100 people," Councillor Butler recalled.

"The women used to do their washing in the pit dams and get drinking water from waterholes."

Committeeman Les Jenkins, who worked through without lunch or dinner, declared when he took his first bite at the ball supper that night that "The Day" was well worth it.

"All the miners think this is something Kurri should have had a long time ago," he told me.

"Apart from pictures a few nights a week and house-housie every Friday night, there's not much else. Dances are generally not a success. The young people tend to go to Maitland or to Cessnock, and Kurri is just about in the middle."

Les said that since the Joint Coal Board had been set up in Kurri, a greater sense of civic pride had developed.

"A lot of people thought that Kurri might become a ghost town," he added. "Now they have a greater feeling of security."

"We have good swimming baths, cricket and soccer grounds, and tennis courts, and recently we had our first concrete footpaths laid."

Only disappointment of "The Day" was the cancellation of the doll show. This was dissipated, however, when compere Colin Jones announced:

"There will be a doll parade next pay day, which, for the benefit of millionaires in the audience, is next Saturday week."



PRINCESS of the Coalfields, Margot James (right), and Dell Ross open the doors for Mrs. Tweed Thompson, of Cessnock, when she shows a cocktail frock at the Back to Kurri Day mannequin parade.



CHAMPION COOK of the North, Mrs. Colin Harmon, with her prizes of a quilt and sets of milk jugs. Mrs. Harmon's miner husband is treasurer of Pelaw Main Lodge. Mrs. Harmon always cooks on a coal stove and her cooking is much in demand for weddings and parties.

THE NEW HAT SILHOUETTE



● Svend, of Paris, designed the dramatic, high-crowned hat, above. The model is made in teddy-bear cloth. All hairy-surfaced materials are high fashion in Paris for winter.



● Dior's head-hugging velvet bonnet, above, is finished with two tassels. Above right, Svend's lush velour with a high, intricately manipulated crown.



● Jacques Heim's collection includes a number of hat and muff sets. The two-piece, left, made in jet-black astrakhan, is a striking example of this theme.



● Jacques Heim's visor hat, above, curves in lines over the brow. It is typical of hats from the 1950s for women.

HE IS VARIED



● New season's version of the pill-box, above, is designed by Erik of London. The silhouette is softly rounded and worn quite straight over the forehead.



● Claude St. Cyr's beautifully draped turban, right, made in amethyst silk velvet, is perfect for cocktail, theatre, and restaurant fashions.



● Simple black velvet cart-wheel, above, is a Dior model designed for the cocktail hour. The new spencer-type jacket from the same house is featured in velvet, wool, and satin in almost every Paris dress collection.



● Model by English milliner Madame Vernier, left, is made in clear turquoise felt. A black grosgrain ribbon band and black feathers are used for the chic back trim.

ath's red
bove left,
aring lines
The model
any of the
Fath collec-
mm-winter.

here's how you can have star-like loveliness right now! You can create new glamor — easily! You can double your beauty — instantly!

FLORENCE MARLY, Allied Artists' star, using Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up.

the secret is
COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
by **Max Factor • Hollywood**
MANUFACTURED IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

★ This is the make-up of Hollywood's loveliest screen stars. These are their most indispensable beauty requisites. Try them yourself. See how beautiful you really can be. ★

PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP*
the original cake make-up that gives you a thrilling new velvet-finish complexion.

PAN-STIK MAKE-UP**
the cream-base make-up, in smart waterproof, for an exciting new satin-finish complexion.

FACE POWDER
finest in the world to give your skin a clearer, brighter, fresher-than-ever loveliness.

CHEEK ROUGE
the perfect touch of blush-tone glamour... creates the illusion of a lovelier facial contour.

NEW LIPSTICK
prettiest, most inviting lip colors you've ever worn, in color harmony and fashion harmony.

EYE MAKE-UP
for lashes, brows and lids... to make your eyes your liveliest, most expressive features.

The Make-Up for the Stars
... AND YOU MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

* PAN-CAKE (trade-mark), name Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up.
** PAN-STIK (trade-mark), name Max Factor Hollywood Cream-Type Make-Up.

★ AT LEADING CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES ★

We must have
Reckitt's Blue
TO KEEP OUR WHITE CLOTHES SPARKLING WHITE!

Are YOUR dentures 'oxygen-clean'?

You'll be astonished the first time you immerse your dentures in 'Steradent'. They emerge purified, freed from unpleasant stains, film and odours. 'Steradent' is made specially to 'oxygen-clean' dentures, which means safe, thorough cleaning of every corner and crevice.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY

Steradent

'Oxygen-cleans' and sterilizes every type of denture.

TEENA by *little teena*

WHADAYA MEAN, WE CAN'T HAVE IT 125 FEET BY 106?!!

'CAUSE I'M FIFTEEN FEET ON SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROPERTY, THAT'S WHY... YOU'VE JUST GOT TO CUT DOWN THE DANCE FLOOR!!

ALL RIGHT, CUT IT DOWN! LET'S START DIGGIN'!

BOY, (GRUNT) THIS IS GONNA REALLY (GRUNT) BE SOMETHING WHEN IT'S FINISHED...

UHR... ER... SAY, DO YOU REALLY WANT A SEPARATE ROOM FOR THE ART GALLERY?

WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT, LET'S GO OVER THE PLANS AGAIN... THERE ARE ONE OR TWO OTHER CHANGES WE'D LIKE TO SUGGEST...

REVISED PLAN FOR RAINBOW HORIZON CLUB CLUBHOUSE
ARCHITECT: TEENA HENRY

TO BE CONTINUED

Musical Comedy artist uses
COLINATED FOAM SHAMPOO

MAGGIE FITZGIBBON

JUNE MASSEY

MICHELLE SAFARGY

As I read the Stars
By **EVE HILLIARD**

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Some reward for recent effort should take concrete form now. February 28 is likely to make new demands or bestow extra responsibilities. March 1 a danger signal.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): You're a genial sign and you expand in comfortable surroundings. Smooth sailing on February 27. Sudden storms on March 1, but safe anchorage March 3.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Build up to March 1, when somebody's loss is your gain. Rake in your share of the kudos now, because on March 4 you will not hold the winning ticket.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Dreaming of travel? Restless for new scenes and new people? February 29 smiles on long-distance hopes, if you're determined enough. Stick to the main issue.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Let others take the initiative. You should be on the receiving end when benefits are passed around on February 29. Don't let competition get you down; you can afford to relax about it.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): You're one of a team on March 1 and 2, so join in social and sporting activities. Don't sign on the dotted line or write reckless letters on March 4, because results could be far-reaching.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): If February 27 brings grinding new tasks March 1 may find you fed up. Don't make a great to-do about it. Just keep on plugging away until March 3, when the clouds will lift.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Admiration and attention from the opposite sex are Scorpio's birthright. Choose February 28, but not March 1, for a date. This week you will have many opportunities to enjoy your popularity.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Live alone and like it was never a slogan for "The Archer," but it could work out beautifully on February 28. March 3 could be a business highlight.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Why do things the hard way? You can run yourself ragged on February 28 and get no thanks for it. March 3 promises success.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): February 27 may bring you down to earth with a jolt. Be practical this week, and February 29 may see you taking off once more on a new course.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Your heart and your head may be involved in February 28's problem, but you can win with a grand slam on March 4.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4083, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"ISN'T her hair lovely!" is a remark you frequently hear about Maggie Fitzgibbon, the brilliant young Australian who is making such a hit in the musical comedy, "Kiss Me, Kate." When asked how she keeps her hair so silky-soft and shining with lights, she replies, "A regular Colinated Foam Shampoo is the answer." June Massey, a well-known Sydney model, also uses new Colinated Foam Shampoo. "Since I changed to Colinated my hair has been so easy to manage," says June. "Colinated Foam Shampoo is perfect for this sunny Australian climate," says Michelle Safargy, one of our popular teenage models who hails from Paris. There's a new hair conditioner in Colinated Foam Shampoo, and it is a dandruff solvent as well. There are 9 glamorous shampoos in a bottle of Colinated Foam Shampoo. Get a bottle to-day.

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Worth Reporting

BRAVO is in our midst!

A stocky, chubby-faced, happy Welshman, he is an electrical engineer who brought his wife and 15-year-old son to Australia from Ealing, London. They have settled in Sydney.

His impressive Christian name of Morrel is lost in the never-ending succession of quips on his surname of Bravo. He is resigned to the quips.

Mr. Bravo is the man who supervised the lighting each year of the 350 red, blue, green, and gold fairy lights on the 64ft-high Christmas tree which the people of Norway send as a yearly gift to the English people. It stands in Trafalgar Square near Nelson's Column for three weeks and is then burnt in case it contains pests or spreads disease.

"The first Christmas tree was sent by the Norwegians in 1947," he told us. "As no British visitors could go to Norway because of the currency ban, the Norwegians decided to send a little bit of Norway to London."

"They even provide artificial snow of spun glass to decorate the tree."

One Christmas Day when Mr. Bravo left a Christmas party, dressed in his best, to turn on the lights, he found that rain water had seeped into the lampholders and short-circuited the contacts.

"There was nothing for it but to climb up the tree, unscrew the bulbs, and drain the water out," he said. "Now we fit each bulb with a rubber shield."

The man who bought Mr. Bravo's electrical business in the West End will be in charge of the tree from now on.

"I had my last go last year," Mr. Bravo said, "but I was too busy getting ready to come to Australia to see the tree fit up."

London cancels film galas

DAZZLING film premieres have been cancelled in London this year because of mourning for the King. Instead, there will be subdued opening nights.

The Duchess of Kent was to have attended this month's premiere of the new Alec Guinness film "The Card."

Hollywood producer Cecil B. deMille planned the season's biggest premiere for his latest film, a circus epic. A West End theatre was being decorated with circus paraphernalia for the occasion, and deMille intended hiring midges, clowns, and stilt walkers to entertain in the foyer before the screening.

Film stars who bought glamorous, décolleté gowns for the premieres are putting them aside in favor of sober styles in black, grey, or mauve.

A **GOLD** watch weighing less than one-fortieth of an ounce has been presented to the London Science Museum by Queen Mary.

Made by a Swiss firm, Piguet and Meylan, about 130 years ago, its diameter is roughly half that of an ordinary sixpence, yet it works perfectly with the same lever movement as the modern pocket watch.

The tiny watch is on view in the Museum's Time Measurement Section.

Bone goes into the bank

A **BONE** bank has been set up at St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne. A second will soon be installed at Prince Henry's Hospital in the same city.

The idea is to have a supply of bone in hand for immediate grafting in accident and emergency cases.

"One great advantage is that it will shorten the patient's time in hospital," said Dr. W. M. C. Keane, Superintendent at St. Vincent's.

"A patient may lose a lot of bone in a badly splintered fracture. When the fragmented bone is cut away its blood supply dies and a big gap is left. In the bone graft a metal plate is packed in and screwed to opposing bone ends. This forms a bridge to which new bone growth can knit."

"Bone stored in the deep-freeze units of the bone bank comes from amputations and chest operations where ribs are removed. Ribs graft particularly well."

"First part of our deep freeze is now being used. It has a temperature of twenty below zero. The second part should be in use within a few weeks. It will be a mobile unit for transport into the operating theatre, and it will have a temperature of thirty-five below."

Dr. Keane said that bone would keep under deep-freeze conditions for months, probably up to 12 months. But there would be no need for such long periods of storage, as the demand was quite equal to the supply.

Countess leads a pleasant existence

THE Countess of Lovelace here on a four weeks' visit with her husband to look for an Australian country property, admits that she does not live up to the Lovelace motto, "Labor Itself Is a Pleasure."

She said she must confess to harassed Australian housewives that she has no housework to do at her husband's lovely home, Ben Damph, set amid 25,000 acres on Loch Torridon, in Ross-shire, Scotland.

The Countess, formerly Baroness von Blixen, of Sweden, has four children, aged 12, 10, 5, and 3, by her first marriage, and a six-weeks-old son, Peter, by her second.

"I have a cook, kitchenmaid, and two chambermaids," she said. "A driver and his wife, a Swedish nurse and Swedish governess for my children, and a Scottish nurse for my baby."

The Countess painted an idyllic picture of her life in Scotland since her marriage 18 months ago.

"The house is like a jewel set among the hills of Scotland and overlooking the sea," she said. "We are there only in summer, and spend most of our time shooting and fishing. We have two motor boats and a yacht, and it is only a day's run to the Isle of Skye."

"For many years my husband spent the English winter at his coffee plantation in Kenya, but he has sold it now. He has a lovely home on Hyde Park corner in London, but neither of us likes city life, so we don't use it often. I have my own estate in Sweden and a flat in Copenhagen."

WHEN Mrs. T. Broughton went upstairs at her Bracewell, Yorkshire, home to bring her fifteen-months-old son John down to breakfast, she found him deep in conversation—with a brown owl.

The owl, which had flown down the chimney, was perched on a large box coo-whooping at the delighted John, who was sitting up in his cot cooing right back at him.



"Building the house came to a little more than we expected!"

Children love this gentle chocolate laxative



There's no fuss in your family when anyone is sick, livery, constipated—if you keep Laxettes in the home!

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NAME
ADDRESS

W.V. 3

ON returning to Park Street, Arabella's first action was to run up to her bedchamber, and, without pausing to remove her bonnet, to sit down at the little table in the window, and prepare to write a letter.

But, in spite of the evident urgency of the matter, she had no sooner written her opening words than all inspiration appeared to desert her, and she sat staring out of the window, while the ink dried on her pen.

At last she drew a breath, dipped the pen in the standish again, and resolutely wrote two lines. Then she stopped, read them over, tore up the paper,

and drew a fresh sheet towards her.

It was some time before she had achieved a result that satisfied her, but it was done at last, and the letter sealed up with a wafer. She then rang the bell pull, and upon a housemaid's coming in answer to the summons, desired the girl to send Becky to her, if she could be spared from her duties.

When Becky presently appeared, shyly smiling, Arabella held out the letter.

"If you please, Becky," she said, "do you think you could contrive to slip out—and carry that to Mr. Beaumaris' house? You might say that I have asked you to go on an errand for me, but—but I shall be very much obliged if you will not disclose to anyone what it is!"

"Oh, miss!" breathed the handmaid, scenting a romance, "as though I would say a word to a living soul!"

"Thank you! If—if Mr. Beaumaris should be at home, I should be glad if you would wait for an answer."

Mr. Beaumaris returned to his London house in time to partake of a late breakfast on Tuesday morning, having been absent for six days instead of a full week, as his staff had expected.

But as he rarely gave any positive information on his movements, counted no cost, and had accustomed his highly paid servants to live in a constant state of expectation of being obliged, at a moment's notice, to provide suitable entertainment for himself, or for

a score of guests, his premature arrival caused no dismay.

One member of his household displayed a degree of joy bordering on delirium. A ragged little mongrel, whose jauntily curled tail had been clipped unhappily between his legs for six interminable days, and who had spent the major part of this time curled into a ball on the rug outside his master's door, refusing all sustenance, came tumbling down the stairs, uttering canine shrieks.

He then summoned up enough strength to career madly round in circles before collapsing in an exhausted, panting heap at Mr. Beaumaris' feet.

IT spoke volumes for the light in which Mr. Beaumaris' whims were regarded by his retainers that the condition to which his disreputable protégé had wilfully reduced himself brought every member of the household who might have been considered responsible into the hall to exonerate himself from all blame.

Even M. Alphonse mounted the stairs from his basement kingdom to describe to Mr. Beaumaris in detail the chicken broth, the ragout of rabbit, the shin of beef, and the marrow bone with which he had tried to tempt Ulysses' vanished appetite.

Brough broke in on his Gallic monologue to assure Mr. Beaumaris that he had left nothing undone to restore Ulysses' interest in life, even

going to the lengths of importing a stray cat into the house, in the hope of galvanising to activity one notoriously unsympathetic towards all felines.

Painswick, with a smug air that rendered him instantly odious to his colleagues, drew attention to the fact that he had conceived the happy notion of giving Ulysses one of Mr. Beaumaris' gloves to guard.

Mr. Beaumaris, who had picked Ulysses up, paid no heed to all these attempts at self-justification, but addressed himself to his adorer.

"What a fool you are!" he observed. "No. I have the greatest dislike of having my face licked, and must request you to refrain. Quiet, Ulysses, quiet! I am grateful to you for your solicitude, but you must perceive that I am in the enjoyment of my customary good health. I would I could say the same of you."

He eyed the dog regretfully. "You have once more reduced yourself to skin and bone, my friend, a process which I shall take leave to inform you I consider as unjust as it is ridiculous. Anyone setting eyes on you would suppose that I grudged you even the scraps from my table."

Without the slightest change of voice, and without raising his eyes from the creature in his arms, he added: "You would also appear to have bereft my household of its senses, so that the greater part of it, instead of providing me with the breakfast I stand in need of, is engaged in excusing itself from any suspicion of



blame, and—I may add—doing itself no good thereby."

Ulysses, to whom the mere sound of Mr. Beaumaris' voice was ecstasy, looked adoringly up into his face, and contrived to lick the hand that was caressing him. On his servants, Mr. Beaumaris' voice operated in quite another fashion.

They dispersed rapidly, Painswick to lay out a complete change of raiment; Brough to set the table in the breakfast parlor; Alphonse to carve at lightning speed several slices of a fine York ham, and to cast eggs and herbs into a pan.

Mr. Beaumaris tucked Ulysses under one arm, picked up the pile of letters from the table in the hall, and strolled with them into the library. To the zealous young footman who hastened to fling open the door for him, he said: "Food for this abominable animal!"

This command, relayed swiftly to the kitchen, caused

M. Alphonse to command his chief assistant instantly to abandon his allotted task, and to prepare a dish calculated to revive the most flagging appetite.

Mr. Beaumaris, tossing a pile of invitations and bills aside, came upon a billet which had not been delivered through the medium of the Penny Post, and which was superscribed, Urgent. The writing, certainly feminine, was unknown to him.

"Now, what have we here, Ulysses?" he said, breaking the wafer.

They had not very much. "Dear Mr. Beaumaris," ran the missive, "I should be very much obliged to you if you would do me the honor of calling in Park Street as soon as may be convenient to you, and requesting the butler to inform me of the event. I remain, ever yours most sincerely, Arabella Tallant."

Please turn to page 34

New cars for Australia

AMONG the new cars Britain is preparing for the Australian market are a Ford rival to the Holden and a new Baby Austin.

The rival to the Holden is a six-cylinder Ford Zephyr that can do 81 miles an hour with a petrol consumption of about 25 miles a gallon. It looks like a smaller Ford Custom.

The Baby Austin, which isn't yet being mass-produced, is expected to be Britain's cheapest four-door saloon. It has an 8 h.p. engine and the same lines as its bigger brother, the Hereford.

Pictures of these cars and several others new to Australia are published in A.M. for February, now on sale.

It's the wick that does the trick!



Costs less than a penny per day to use. Once you've used Air-wick you will realise that it's a daily necessity in your home.

To use: Just unscrew the cap, draw up the wick and LEAVE. For best results place above or near the source of the smell.



Air-wick kills tobacco smells. Stale tobacco smells cling and cling—but not with Air-wick. Air-wick makes air "country-fresh" in no time.



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Cooking smells, closed-up flats need Air-wick. If you've been on holidays and the house is stuffy, use Air-wick—in a moment the air is "country-fresh."

Amazing new discovery kills ALL indoor smells!

Air-wick contains wonder-working Chlorophyll—makes smells non-existent

Something quite new for the home. Air-wick, the marvellous new discovery that kills smells as if by magic! Merely unscrew the cap, pull up the wick

Miracle-working Chlorophyll. Air-wick is not a disinfectant! It actually freshens the air indoors in exactly the way nature does outdoors, because it contains activated Chlorophyll (the miracle-working substance nature uses to keep trees and grass fresh and green) plus 125 other compounds as found in nature.

No unpleasant cooking smells. Just imagine, with Air-wick in your kitchen you can boil cabbage, cauliflower and turnips,

and let Air-wick go to work. All disagreeable smells vanish quickly. Air-wick doesn't just "cover up" one smell with another—it actually destroys smells.

burn fat—with absolutely NO SMELL lingering in the house. **Hundreds of uses.** Air-wick destroys ANY smell—stale tobacco, fish, onions, paint. It freshens the air in stuffy halls, bathrooms, musty unlined-in rooms.

Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and you will be reimbursed.

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Besides their properties as a diuretic, stimulating kidney action, DeWitt's Pills also have a soothing and antiseptic effect on the whole of the urinary channels.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ La Ronde

TO the delightful tune of a Strauss waltz, the French film "La Ronde" (The Merry-Go-Round of Love) offers the most uninhibited package of amorous cynicism that has been tossed to adult Australian film-goers for many a long day.

Gallie to the core in the lightness of its touch, "La Ronde" develops wry wit, charm, and some nostalgia as the story circles through a stratum of world-weary Viennese society of the 1900's, giving acute, revealing glimpses of the love lives of a group of people.

An unusual amount of skill has gone into the direction, presentation, and casting of each sketch.

The star-studded cast is introduced by Anton Walbrook, who drifts through the picture as a sort of master of ceremonies and controller of the merry-go-round.

The lovely, amoral ladies of the story are Simone Signoret's prostitute, Simone Simon's chambermaid, Danielle Darrieux's young matron, Odette Joyeux's shop girl, and Isa Miranda's actress.

As their accomplices in dalliance, Fernand Gravet, Jean-Louis Barrault, Gerard

Philippe, Daniel Gelin, and Serge Reggiani take brief turns before the camera.

Film dialogue is in French with English sub-title. In Sydney—Savoy.

★★ Trio

GAINSBOROUGH'S "Trio" is a collection of three of Somerset Maugham's short stories—"The Verger," "Mr. Knowall," and "Sanatorium" (the last from the Ashenden series); for film purposes the three stories are linked together by pithy commentary from the author.

"The Verger" (James Hayter, Kathleen Harrison) is Maugham in gently ironic mood. "Mr. Knowall" (Nigel Patrick, Anne Crawford, Naughton Wayne), built around a tricky little plot, is an amusing tale of a social bore. "Sanatorium" (Jean Simmons, Michael Rennie, Roland Culver) mixes the sugar of romance with the deeper pathos of life for a group of patients in a T.B. sanatorium.

As screen entertainment the collection is well above average, with the work of Nigel Patrick alone (as "Mr. Knowall") worth a visit to the theatre.

In Sydney—State.

CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL.—★★ "Home of the Brave," drama of racial prejudice, starring Lloyd Bridges, Frank Lovejoy, Steve Brodie. (Re-release.) Plus "Intrigue."

CENTURY.—★★ "The Blue Veil," drama, starring Jane Wyman, Richard Carlson, Charles Laughton. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "Sugarfoot," period Western, starring Randolph Scott, Adele Jergens. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "The Crimson Key."

EMBASSY.—★ "The Long Dark Hall," murder drama, starring Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer. Plus "The Franchise Affair," starring Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "King's Row," dramatic film version of best-selling novel, starring Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Show Boat," musical extravaganza in technicolor, starring Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "The Bride of Frankenstein," horror film, starring Boris Karloff, Elsa Lanchester. (Re-release.) Plus "The Mad Ghoul."

MAYFAIR.—★ "Let's Make It Legal," domestic comedy, starring Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Lilli Marlene," starring Lisa Daniels.

PALACE.—★★ "Cyrano de Bergerac," 17th century comedy-drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Mala Powers. Plus featurettes.

PARK.—★★ "Fine and Dandy," modern musical, starring James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★★ "The Frogmen," drama of U.S. Navy demolition service, starring Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill. Plus "Daughter of the Jungle."

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Here Comes the Groom," romantic farce, starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "The Day the Earth Stood Still," science-fiction drama, starring Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "Queen For a Day."

SAVOY.—★★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy, starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Across the Wide Missouri," frontier drama, starring Clark Gable, Maria Elena Marquess, John Hodiak. Plus "Bannerline," starring Sally Forrest.

STATE.—★★ "Trio," selection of Somerset Maugham short stories, starring Jean Simmons, Nigel Patrick, James Hayter. (See review this page.) Plus special featurettes, including "The Diary of Queen Elizabeth."

VARIETY.—★★ "Unwanted Women," Continental drama of Women's D.P. camps, starring Simone Simon, Valentina Cortese, Francoise Rosay. Plus "Over the Moon," starring Rex Harrison, Merle Oberon.

VICTORY.—★ "Pool of London," underworld drama, starring Bonar Colleano, Susan Shaw. (Not yet reviewed.) Plus "No Trace," thriller, starring Hugh Sinclair.

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TOMORROW

depends
a lot on
TODAY



IF you take Beecham's Pills last thing at night, in the morning you'll start off fit and fresh, clear-headed, ready for work or play. Beecham's Pills are a purely vegetable laxative. They ensure the regular, complete action of the bowels without which we cannot enjoy life. For perfect health the natural way, take your Beecham's Pills tonight!

TAKE
Beecham's Pills
WORTH A
GUINEA A BOX
TONIGHT



1 CHEATING his partner Felix (George Sanders), right, Sam Conride (Stewart Granger) hides a valuable painting they stole in Italy and claims it was destroyed by fire.



2 ARTIST Anna Vessari (Pier Angeli) agrees to paint an imitation of the original picture when Sam tells her it is wanted for a church. Sam's plan is to double his profits by selling the imitation first and the hidden original later.

THE LIGHT TOUCH . . .



3 QUESTIONED by Felix and a henchman, who have noted Sam's interest in the girl, Anna begins to realise that Sam lied to her. Felix, too, suspects that Sam cheated him.

ADVENTURE, romance, and intrigue form the theme of M.G.M.'s "The Light Touch," a story of two well-bred thieves who are as adept at cheating each other as they are at eluding the law.

As the partners in crime, famous screen "cad" George Sanders and English actor Stewart Granger handle the adventure and intrigue, while romantic interest is provided by new Italian actress Pier Angeli.

A location unit was sent to Sicily, Tunis, and North Africa to photograph authentic settings for "The Light Touch."



4 FORGIVING Sam, who admits the whole affair to her when she confronts him, Anna finds she and Sam are in love.



5 WEDDING of Sam and Anna is attended by Felix, who is determined to profit from Anna's skill as an art imitator although he still suspects Sam and is investigating whether the original was really burned.



6 SALE of the original fails for Sam because Anna puts the imitation in its place, intending to clear Sam by returning the original to the police. She leaves him when he takes it back from her and rejects her idea.



7 OUTWITTING Felix again, Sam gives him the imitation and says it is the original, which he now regrets hiding. He then calls the police, who arrest Felix and his men while they are leaving, giving Sam time to escape from the hotel.



8 REUNION between Sam and Anna takes place when Sam restores the real painting to the church where it belongs. Anna, who is in the church, joins him to begin a new life.

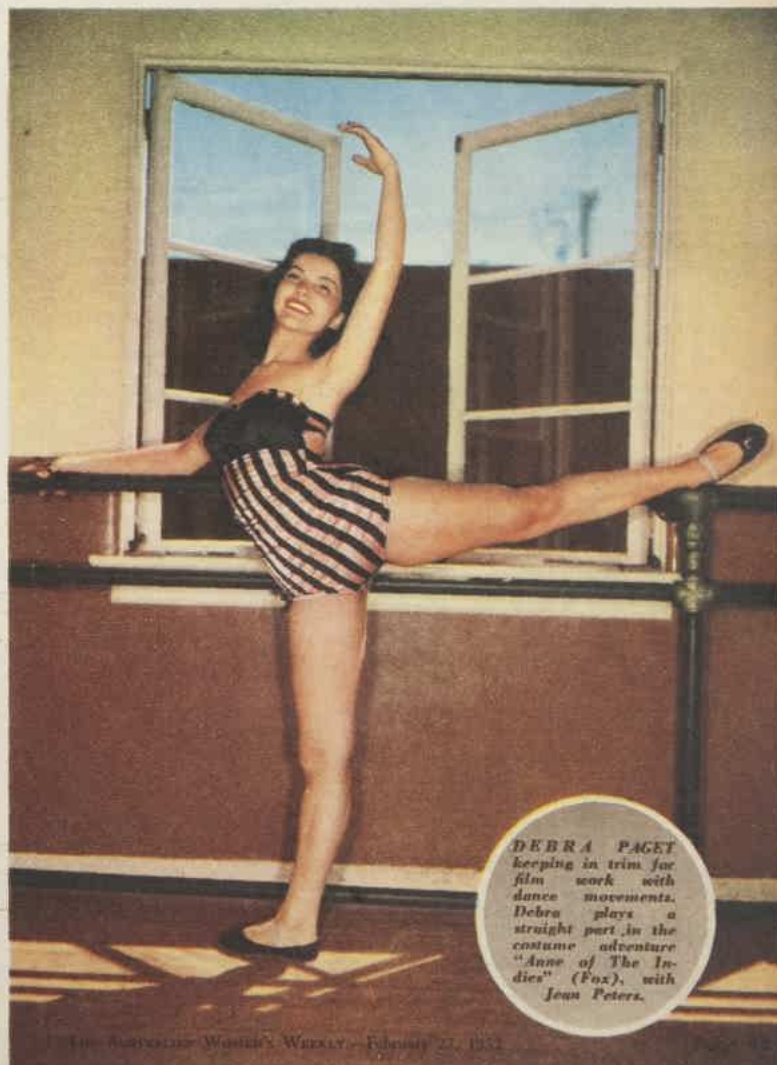
BARBARA BATES, promising Twentieth Century-Fox starlet, plays the daughter of Claudette Colbert and Macdonald Carey in the light-hearted comedy of a family divorce, "Let's Make It Legal."

FILM BEAUTIES IN GOOD FORM

★ Sweet are the uses of film publicity ... particularly when it dwells upon lovely and clever young women like Barbara Bates, June Haver, and Debra Paget. Each girl has won herself a desirable place in the Hollywood sun.



JUNE HAVER, copes with headaches brought about by the housing shortage in Fox's comedy "The Love Nest," in which William Lundigan appears as her husband.



DEBRA PAGET keeping in trim for film work with dance movements. Debra plays a straight part in the costume adventure "Anne of The Indies" (Fox), with Jean Peters.



She'll say

"You look smarter!"

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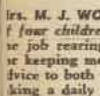
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MR. "CHARLIE" WHITE, popular head mechanic of His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne: "... Everyday work became hard with nagging rheumatic pains in every joint. My chemist got me started on Kruschen five years ago ... and I've scarcely had a twinge of rheumatism since."



Mrs. M. J. WOOLFORD, 38 years old mother of four children: "One has to be fit to be on the job rearing four ... I thank Kruschen for keeping me slim and young looking. My wife to both women and men is to start now taking a daily dose of Kruschen."



MR. ROSEN, 71 years old antique dealer of Carlton, Victoria: "It is close to 40 years since I started taking Kruschen. I suffered from lumbago very much. I have taken Kruschen every morning since and would never be without it."

you suffer from aching joints or muscles ... if you wake up dull and tired—Kruschen Salts can help you, just as it helped these people!



EASY TO TAKE
Use a teaspoon to measure out just enough Kruschen to cover a sixpence in your morning cup of tea. (For bad cases of rheumatism, lumbago, etc., take the medicinal dose as instructions on bottle.)

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SALTS

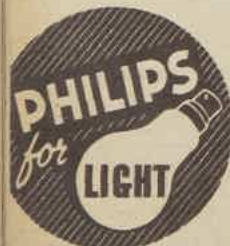
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for
LIGHT

Keep slim — with
Sanitarium
Diabetic
Rolls

From all
grocers!



Arabella

Continued from page 30

THIS model of the epistolary art, which had caused Miss Tallant so much heart searching and so many ruined sheets of hot-pressed notepaper, did not fail of its effect. Mr. Beaumaris cast aside the rest of his correspondence, set Ulysses down on the floor, and bent his full mind to the interpretation of these few words.

He was still engaged on this task when Brough entered the room to announce that his breakfast awaited him. He carried the letter into the parlor and propped it against the coffee pot, feeling that he had not yet got to the bottom of it.

At his feet Ulysses, repairing with enthusiasm the ravages of his protracted fast, was rapidly consuming a meal which might have been judged excessive for the satisfaction of the appetite of a bona constrictor.

"This," said Mr. Beaumaris, "was delivered here three days ago, Ulysses!"

Ulysses, whose keen olfactory sense had discovered the chicken gibles cunningly hidden in the middle of his plate, could spare no more than a perfunctory wag of the tail for this speech; and to Mr. Beaumaris' subsequent demand to know what could be in the wind he returned no answer at all.

Mr. Beaumaris pushed away the remains of his breakfast, a gesture which was shortly to operate alarmingly on the sensibilities of the artist below stairs, and waved aside his valet, who had just entered the room.

"My town dress!" he said.

"I have it ready, sir," responded Painwick, with dignity. "There was just one matter which I should perhaps mention."

"Not now," said Mr. Beaumaris, his eyes still bent upon Miss Tallant's tantalising communication.

Painwick bowed, and withdrew. The matter was not, in his fastidious estimation, of sufficient importance to justify him in intruding upon his employer's evident preoccupation; nor did he broach it when Mr. Beaumaris presently came upstairs to change.

This further abstention was due, however, more to the sense of irrevocable loss which had invaded his soul on the discovery that a shirt was missing from Mr. Beaumaris' execrably packed portmanteau than from a respect for his master's abstraction.

He confined his conversation to bitter animadversions on the morals of inn servants, and the depths of depravity to which some unknown boots had sunk in treating Mr. Beaumaris' second best pair of Hessian with a blacking fit only to be used on the footwear of country squires.

He could hardly flatter himself that Mr. Beaumaris, swiftly and skilfully arranging the folds of his neckcloth in the mirror, paid the least heed to

his discourse, but it served in some measure to relieve his lacerated feelings.

Leaving his valet to repair the damage to his wardrobe, and his faithful admirer to sleep off the effects of a gargantuan meal, Mr. Beaumaris left the house and walked to Park Street.

Here he was met by the intelligence that my lord, my lady, and Miss Tallant had gone out in the barouche to the British Museum, where Lord Elgin's much disputed marbles were now being exhibited in a wooden shed built for their accommodation.

Mr. Beaumaris thanked the butler, called up a passing hackney, and directed the jary-vey to drive him to Great Russell Street.

He found Miss Tallant, her disinterested gaze fixed upon a sculptured slab, enduring a lecture from Lord Bridlington quite in his element. It was Lady Bridlington who first saw him approaching.

"Mr. Beaumaris!" she exclaimed in delight, "What a lucky chance, to be sure! How do you do? How came you not to be at the Kirkmichaels' Venetian Breakfast yesterday? Such a charming party! I am persuaded you must have enjoyed it! Six hundred guests—only fancy!"

"Amongst so many, ma'am, I am flattered to know that you remarked my absence," responded Mr. Beaumaris, shaking hands. "I have been out of town for some days, and only just returned. Miss Tallant! 'Servant, Bridlington!'"

UPON hearing Mr. Beaumaris' name, Arabella turned with a start from studying the marbles. She took his hand in a clasp which seemed to him slightly convulsive, and raised a pair of strained, inquiring eyes to his face.

He smiled reassuringly down into them, and bent a courteous ear to Lady Bridlington, who was making haste to assure him that she had come to the Museum merely to show the Grecian treasures to Arabella.

"Do you care to visit Somerset House with us?" she ended rather hastily. "Arabella, my love, I dare say you are quite tired of staring at all these sadly damaged bits of frieze, and will be glad to look at pictures for a change!"

Arabella assented to it, throwing so beseeching a look at Mr. Beaumaris that he was induced to accept a seat in the barouche.

During the drive to the Strand, Lady Bridlington was too much occupied in catching the eyes of chance acquaintances, and drawing their attention to the distinguished occupant of one of the back seats by bowing and waving to them, to have much time for conversation.

Arabella sat there with her eyes downcast, and her hand



"Here's a case of real gratitude. Man leaves £20,000 to woman who refused to marry him 50 years ago."

figditing with the riband tied round the handle of her sunshade; and Mr. Beaumaris was content to watch her, taking due note of her pallor and the dark shadows beneath her eyes.

It was left to Lord Bridlington to entertain the company, which he did very willingly, prosing uninterruptedly until the carriage turned into the courtyard of Somerset House.

Once inside the building, Lady Bridlington seized the first opportunity that offered of drawing her son away from the interesting pair. She stated her fervent desire to see some fashionable masterpiece and bore him off to discover it for her.

"In what way can I serve you, Miss Tallant?" said Mr. Beaumaris quietly.

"You—you had my letter?" faltered Arabella, glancing fleetingly up into his face.

"This morning, I went instantly to Park Street, and apprehending that the matter was of some urgency followed you to Bloomsbury."

"How kind—how very kind you are!" uttered Arabella, in accents which could scarcely have been more mournful had she discovered him to have been a monster of cruelty.

"What is it, Miss Tallant?"

Bearing all the appearance of one rapt in admiration of the canvas before her, she said: "I dare say you may have forgotten about it, sir, but—but you told me once—that is, you were so obliging as to say—that if my sentiments underwent a change—"

Mr. Beaumaris mercifully intervened to put an end to her embarrassment.

"I have certainly not forgotten it," he said. "I perceive Lady Charnwood to be approaching, so let us move on. Am I to understand, ma'am, that your sentiments have undergone a change?"

"Yes," Miss Tallant replied baldly.

"My surroundings," said Mr. Beaumaris, "make it impossible for me to do more than assure you that you have

made me the happiest man in England, ma'am."

"Thank you," said Arabella in a stifled tone. "I shall try to be a—to be a conformable wife, sir."

Mr. Beaumaris' lips twitched, but he replied with perfect gravity: "For my part, I shall try to be an unexceptional husband, ma'am."

"Oh, yes, I am sure you will be!" said Arabella naively. "If only—"

"If only—" prompted Mr. Beaumaris, as she broke off.

"Nothing," she said hastily. "Oh, dear, there is Mr. Epworth."

"A common bow in passing will be enough to damp his pretensions," said Mr. Beaumaris. "If that does not suffice, I will look at him through my glass."

This made her give an involuntary gurgle of laughter, but an instant later she was serious again, and evidently struggling to find the words with which to express herself.

"What very awkward places we do choose to propose to one another!" remarked Mr. Beaumaris, guiding her gently towards a red-plush couch. "Let us hope that if we sit down and appear to be engrossed in conversation no one will have the bad manners to interrupt us."

"I do not know what you must think of me!" said Arabella.

"I expect I had better not tell you until we find ourselves in a more retired position," he replied. "You always blush so delightfully when I pay you compliments that I might attract attention to ourselves."

She hesitated, and then turned resolutely towards him, tightly gripping her sunshade, and saying: "Mr. Beaumaris, you do wish to marry me?"

"Miss Tallant, I do indeed wish to marry you!"

"And—and you are so wealthy that my—my fortune can mean nothing to you?"

"Nothing at all, Miss Tallant," he said gravely.

Please turn to page 37

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Easy Home Baking *in tune with today*

These recipes are designed to help keep down the cost of catering without sacrificing quality. The ingredients are inexpensive, easy to obtain.

BAKING POWDER is employed in each, because baking powder is more economical—with it any good, plain flour can be used. It gives unvarying, dependable results. Easy to use, it imparts a delightfully light texture that cannot be equalled by any other method.

AN ECONOMICAL WAY OF USING LEFT-OVERS.

SAVOURY SHORTCAKE

1 level teaspoon salt, 2 cups plain flour, 4 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, 4 ozs. Margarine, 1 cup grated tasty cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift salt, flour and baking powder. Rub in margarine and add cheese. Add milk and make into a soft dough. Turn onto well floured board and make into a smooth shape. Divide into two equal portions. Roll out and press into two greased 8" sandwich tins. Bake in very hot oven for 20-25 minutes. Serve hot with vegetable filling between layers and a little on top. Garnish with parsley and tomato wedges or small rolls of bacon.

VEGETABLE FILLING—Use left-over vegetables when possible. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 4 ozs. fat, 2 ozs. flour, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 cup cooked carrots, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 teaspoon salt and pepper.

Melt fat, add onion and celery and cook slowly until soft. Add flour, then tomato puree and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper and vegetables and simmer for two minutes.

A FAVOURITE BISCUIT.

MONTE CARLOS

4 ozs. sugar, 4 ozs. butter or margarine, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon honey, vanilla essence, 10 ozs. plain flour, 2 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg, honey and vanilla and beat well. Sift dry ingredients three times and fold into creamed mixture. Place mixture in teaspoonfuls on greased slide and bake in hot oven until golden brown—about 12 minutes. When cool spread with raspberry jam and prepared filling and join biscuits together.

FILLING—4 ozs. icing sugar, 1 oz. shortening, vanilla essence.

Cream together melted shortening and sugar. Add sufficient vanilla to flavour.

A GLAMOROUS PARTY CAKE.

ALMOND MERINGUE CAKE

1½ cups plain flour, 3 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 ozs. butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, 1 whole egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1½ tablespoons blanched and chopped nuts, 4 level tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 4 level tablespoons cocoa.

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream butter and sugar well. Mix cocoa, brown

sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk to paste. Add egg yolks and whole egg and beat well. Gradually add cocoa mixture and when evenly mixed add dry ingredients, alternately with milk and chopped almonds. Place into a well greased ring tin and bake in a moderate oven for 40-45 minutes. When cake is cool make meringue by beating egg whites and salt till stiff. Add sugar gradually, beating well until dissolved. Flavour with almond essence. Place cake on flat tray and cover the entire surface with the meringue, roughening the surface with the back of a spoon. Poke the almond spikes into the meringue and return to oven to lightly brown and set the meringue.

ALMOND MERINGUE — 2 egg whites, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 8 level tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon blanched almonds cut into thin strips.

TEENAGERS LIKE THESE.

AMERICAN DOUGHNUTS

1 egg, 1 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 cups plain flour, 6 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Beat egg and sugar well. Soften butter, add, and beat thoroughly. Add milk and vanilla gradually, beating continuously. Sift dry ingredients into liquid mixture, stirring until smooth. Turn mixture out onto well floured board and if it seems too soft to handle dredge with a little more flour and knead into mixture. Roll out about $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and cut with doughnut cutter. Allow to stand about 10 minutes: you will notice how they rise. Wet fry in saucepan or deep pan in fuming fat until golden brown, turning with a skewer. Drain on

paper and sprinkle well with castor sugar. Some can be iced with warm icing.

SMALL, EASY - TO - MAKE DECORATED CAKES WITH OCEANS OF EYE-APPEAL.

PETIT FOURS

4 ozs. margarine, 4 ozs. sugar, 2 eggs, 8 ozs. plain flour, pinch salt, 4 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream margarine and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla. Bake in well greased slab tin in moderate oven for 30 minutes. When cool cut into small squares or fancy shapes. Cover each cake with glaze icing and coat sides of some with chopped nuts or crushed cornflakes.

NEW RECIPE BOOK FOR LESS THAN COST.

If you would like fifty more recipes—just as inexpensive, just as practical as those above—send coupon with 1/6 for post-free copy of Aunt Mary's Easy Home Baking Recipe Book. Contains recipes for cakes, sponges, scones, tarts, muffins, doughnuts, fancy breads, biscuits. If Aunt Mary's Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is not obtainable locally, send 4/3 for book and 4 oz. can.



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The Marchioness of Milford Haven

BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN BRIDE LENDS RADIANCE TO AN ANCIENT TITLE

Lady Milford Haven's lovely face singles her out wherever you see her. It is a charming recorder of her fascinating self — perfectly in tune with her inner composure, her exquisite taste, her intense glamour.

Every woman's face should give a lovely preview of herself to others. For your face is the *you* that others see first, and remember best. Make sure, then, the messages it sends of you are stirring, happy, charming — a *You* that everyone loves to see!



The Marchioness of Milford Haven Her dark hair and eyes emphasize her cool, white skin. "I am especially fond of Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It removes every trace of dirt, leaves my skin refreshed and soft."

That amazing woman — your inner self can help you discover a delightful New You

Nothing is more nullifying to charm than the negative picture so many women have of themselves.

Yet — you *can* be lovelier. Within you a wonderful power can help you discover a *new* you. It

stems from the interaction of your Outer Self and your Inner Self — the way you *look* and the way you *feel*.

This power has a way of lighting you with confidence, when you feel you are lovely to see. But, it can gray you into "miss nobody" when you don't look charming and right. It is an emphatic reason never to forget the daily rites that add so to your outer loveliness — your inner happiness.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

To make the most of your face you have to do something about it! You'll find this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream acts like a touch of magic. It creams away that tired look — leaves skin soft, fresh! *Always* at bedtime (for day-cleansings, too) give your face this care with Pond's — *this is the way*:

Hot Stimulation — a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse — swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften; sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse — do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation — a tonic cold-water splash.

This Pond's treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside* — Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away dirt as you massage. *From the Inside* — every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Lady Milford Haven says: "This Pond's beauty routine gives lovely results." You will love it, too. So — don't wait! Start this special Pond's care *at once*. Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream — *today!*

REMEMBER — *It is not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely it sets free a happy belief in yourself. This sings through your face — brings others closer to the real Inner You.



Get your big jar of Pond's Cold Cream — today!

FOR an instant, Arabella was completely silent. Then, drawing an audible breath she blurted out abruptly, "Well—please—Mr. Beaumaris, will you marry me at once?"

Now, what the devil's the meaning of this? thought Mr. Beaumaris, startled. Can that infernal young cub have been getting into more mischief since I left town?

"At once?" he repeated. "Yes!" said Arabella desperately. "You must know that I have the greatest dislike of—of all formality, and—and the nonsense that always accompanies the announcement of an engagement. I—should wish to be married very quietly—in fact, in the strictest secrecy—and before anyone has guessed that I have accepted your very obliging offer!"

The wretched youth must have been deeper into the hatches than I guessed, thought Mr. Beaumaris, and still she dare not tell me the truth. Does she really mean to carry out this outrageous suggestion, or does she only think that she means it?

"You may think it odd of me, but I have always thought it would be very romantic to elope!" pronounced Papa's daughter defiantly.

Mr. Beaumaris turned a deaf ear to the promptings of his better self.

"How right you are!" he replied instantly. "I wonder I should not have thought of an elopement myself. The announcement of the engagement of two such notable figures as ourselves must provoke a degree of comment and congratulation which would not be at all to our taste."

"Exactly so," nodded Arabella, relieved to find that he saw the matter in so reasonable a light.

"Consider, too, the chagrin of such as Horace Epworth!" said Mr. Beaumaris, growing momentarily more enamored of the scheme. "You would be driven to distraction by their ravings."

"Well, I do think I might be," said Arabella.

"There is no doubt of it. Moreover, the formality of making application to your father for permission to address you is quite antiquated, and we shall do well to dispense with it. If some little feeling still exists in the minds of old-fashioned persons against marrying minors out of hand, it need not concern us."

"N-no," agreed Arabella, rather doubtfully. "Do you

think people will—will be very much shocked, sir?" "No," said Mr. Beaumaris, with perfect truth. "No one will be in the least shocked. When would you like to elope?"

"Would to-morrow be too soon?" asked Arabella anxiously.

Mr. Beaumaris might wish that his love would give him her confidence, but it would have been idle to have denied that he was hugely enjoying himself. Life with Arabella would contain few dull moments, he reflected, although her estimate of his morals was unflattering enough to have discomposed any man.

Fortunately, it left him untouched, since he was well aware that her assumption of his readiness to behave in so improper a fashion sprang from her innocence, which he found enchanting.

He replied with great promptness: "Not a moment too soon! But for the recollection that there are one or two preparations which perhaps I should make I should have suggested that we should leave this building together."

"No, that would be impossible," said Arabella seriously. "In fact, I do not know very much about such things, but I feel that it will really be excessively difficult for me to escape from Park Street without anyone knowing. For I must carry a valise with me, at least, besides my dressing case, and how may it be contrived?"

She added thoughtfully, "Unless I crept out at dead of night, of course, but it would have to be very late indeed, for the porter always waits up for Lord Bridlington to come in. And I might fall asleep," she ended candidly.

"I have a constitutional dislike of eloping at dead of night," said Mr. Beaumaris firmly. "Such exploits entail the use of rope ladders, I am credibly informed, and the thought of being surprised, perhaps by the watch, in the very act of throwing this up to your window is one that I find singularly unenvying."

"Nothing," said Arabella, "would prevail upon me to climb down a rope ladder! Besides my bedroom is at the back of the house."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Beaumaris, "you had better leave me to make the necessary arrangements."

"Oh, yes," responded Arabella gratefully. "I am sure you will know just how it should be contrived!"

Beauty in brief: Good figure work

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you need to combine your daily dozen with the day's work, here's how to encourage a trim figure while doing household chores.

WASH-DAY is a boon to the midriff if you can manage to put zest and rhythm into the job. As you bend over the wash basket, keep your knees flat and try to hold the spine in a straight line with the head. Now pick up an article and swing up and around with it in a wide arc to the clothes-line. Repeat until the basket is empty.

Bed-making is another waist whittler if, instead of circulating from side to side of the bed, you reach, bend, and stretch as far as possible.

When elbow-grease is the main ingredient in floor polishing or waxing, here's how to give tummy muscles a lift as you prowl around on your hands and knees: To begin, let your abdomen relax while you count five, then with a deep breath start the upward pull—tighter, tighter, until there is an inward curve.

Relax and repeat every few minutes.

A couple of months of this in-and-up exercise will do away with a flabby tummy.

This reflection upon his past career Mr. Beaumaris bore with an unmoved countenance.

"Just so, Miss Tallant," he said gravely. "Now it occurs to me that, to-morrow being Wednesday, there will be a gala night at Vauxhall Gardens."

"Yes, Lady Bridlington thought at one time of taking me to it," agreed Arabella. "But then, you know, she recalled that it is the night of the party at Uxbridge House."

"A very dull affair, I have no doubt. I shall invite Lady Bridlington—and Bridlington, I suppose—to do me the honor of joining my party at Vauxhall. You will naturally be included in this invitation, and at a convenient moment during the course of the evening we shall slip away together to the street entrance, where my chaise will be awaiting us."

ON considering this proposition, Arabella discovered an objection to it. "How very odd it would seem to Lady Bridlington," she said, "if you were to go away in the middle of your own party."

The amused reflection that Lady Bridlington might well deem this eccentricity the least odd feature of the affair Mr. Beaumaris kept to himself. He said: "Very true. A note shall be delivered to her after our departure."

"Well, I suppose that would be better than nothing," Arabella conceded. "Oh, will she ever forgive me for treating her so?"

This involuntary exclamation seemed to escape her without her knowledge. She raised the second of her objections. "And in any event it will not answer, because I cannot take a valise to Vauxhall!"

"That you will also leave to me," said Mr. Beaumaris. "But you cannot call in Park Street to fetch it!" she pointed out.

"Certainly not." "And I will not clope without a change of clothes, or my hairbrushes, or my tooth powder," declared Arabella.

"Most improper," agreed Mr. Beaumaris. "All these shall be forthcoming."

"You cannot buy such things for me!" gasped Arabella, shocked.

"I assure you I should enjoy doing it."

She stared at him, and then exclaimed wretchedly: "How dreadful it all is! I never, never thought I should come to this! I dare say it seems the merest commonplace to you, but to me—But I see that it is of no use to cavil."

The tell-tale muscle at the corner of Mr. Beaumaris' mouth quivered, and was sternly repressed.

"Well, perhaps not precisely commonplace," he said. "It happens that I have not previously cloped with anyone. However, to a man of ordinary ingenuity the affair should not prove impossible to achieve creditably, I trust."

He glanced up and added, "I perceive Mrs. Penkridge, who is hoping to catch either your eye or mine. We shall permit her to do so, and while she gives you her views on art, I shall go in search of Lady Bridlington, and engage her to bring you to Vauxhall to-morrow evening."

"Oh, pray do not! I dislike Mrs. Penkridge excessively," she whispered.

"Yes, an odious woman, but impossible to avoid," he returned.

Seeing him rise to his feet, Mrs. Penkridge bore down upon him, her acidulated smile on her lips. Mr. Beaumaris greeted her with his smooth civility, stayed a minute, then, to Arabella's indignation, made his bow, and went off in the direction of the next room.

Either Lady Bridlington proved hard to find, or he must have fallen a victim to her garrulity, Arabella thought, for it seemed a very long time before she set eyes on him again. When he did reappear Lady Bridlington was walking beside him, wreathed in smiles.

Arabella made her excuses to Mrs. Penkridge, and went across to her godmother, who greeted her with the cheerful intelligence that Mr. Beaumaris had formed the most delightful scheme for an evening at Vauxhall.

"I did not scruple to accept, my love, for I knew you would like it of all things!" she said.

"Yes," said Arabella, feeling that she was now committed to an irrevocable and reprehensible course which she would no doubt regret her life long. "I mean, oh, yes! how very agreeable!"

To be concluded

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Soap and ordinary shampoos (even the more expensive) leave a veil of dulling soap over your hair and in your scalp. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oil—needs no rinses.



Fill your hair with glorious youthful radiance



Waves ripple from your brush

Hair sings through your comb

Give your hair this exciting new beauty treatment

The first time you use "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo you'll find your hair so clean it sings through your comb... new waves fairly ripple from your brush... your hair comes alive with its full, natural colour. That's because "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo is more than a shampoo—it's an exciting beauty treatment for your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo springs quickly into its lively "wonder-foam" lather. This new kind of lather penetrates thoroughly... leaves your scalp as fresh and clean as your hair—and rinses out completely—even in the hardest water. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo is perfect for normal, oily, dry or water-fast dyed hair—try it over the week-end!

Available in this NEW personal 2 oz. size—and standard 4 oz. pack. All chemists and stores.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
LIQUID SHAMPOO

P.S. It's the answer to your after-shave hair problem! "Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd VS2



It's easy to be sure.

NEW... Cream Deodorant safely stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not cut dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 2 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
4. Does not irritate skin. Can be used right after shaving.
5. A pure, white, stainless vanishing cream.



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THIS MODERN AGE (D. McLean)

Sixth Grade Social Studies

LOOK AROUND (Eve Powhall)

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P.61.WW.140c

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A two-piece suit with a loose tunic-type jacket is seen in many variations for autumn maternity fashions. I suggest this fashion for a reader in Western Australia. The same design will solve the problem of other readers with similar requests.

"I AM writing in the hope of obtaining a design for a comfortable maternity style and, if possible, a paper pattern. Normally I am not big, but fairly tall."

I have chosen a two-piece suit for your maternity ensemble (see illustration), because it is attractive as well as comfortable. The jacket is designed on loose tunic lines with special attention to pocket and neckline detail. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The panel on this page will tell you where and how to order.

Fashion faults

"WOULD you please tell me if it would be correct to wear a boxy top over a frock that has a wide skirt?"

A boxy jacket over a full-skirted dress would be incorrect and unbecoming. A full-skirted frock should either be covered completely by a long coat or worn with a short, waist-hugging jacket.



MATERNITY SUIT in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material for jacket and 1½yds. 54in. material or 2yds. 36in. material for skirt. Price, 4/6.

For winter

"I WANT a new winter suit but am not sure what would suit my figure. My hips are large compared with my other measurements. These are my measurements: Waist, 26; bust, 34; hips, 39. I am 26."

The solution to your figure problem is a flare-skirted suit with a shortish jacket. The ease over the hipline will be kind to your figure proportions. Added to this the style is current.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"DELPHINE."—An attractive four-piece lingerie set, obtainable in raytrousse satin. The color choice includes white, pastel pink, and sky-blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, nightgown, 69/11. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra. Slip, 38/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Sizes 26in. and 28in. waist, half-slip, 36/3. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Scanties, 21/3. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, nightgown, 73/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra. Slip, 39/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Sizes 30in. and 32in. waist, half-slip, 38/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Scanties, 24/3. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, nightgown, 49/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra. Slip, 29/3. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Sizes 26in. and 28in. waist, half-slip, 27/- . Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Scanties, 15/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, nightgown, 51/6. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra. Slip, 30/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Sizes 30in. and 32in. waist, half-slip, 28/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Scanties, 17/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 46.

Debutante dress

"IN a few months I will be making my debut at a public function and would like you to suggest a frock. I am tall and fairly slim."

A covered-shoulder dress with a billowing skirt made in a sheer white dress fabric is my idea of the perfect debutante's dress. As you are tall and slim, have a tiered and pleated skirt, plus a bodice finished with a broadly squared décolletage and baby puffed sleeves.

Lingerie trimming

"I AM busy sewing my trousseau and want to include several pairs of pyjamas. Would lace trimming look out of place on tailored pyjamas?"

Classically tailored pyjamas with a lace trim are a charming current fashion. A jacket could have a collar, front, pockets, and sleeves finished with a lace edging, or a more elaborate trimming would be a 1in. wide lace insertion highlighting a square yoke, outlining the jacket, and forming a sleeve cuff.

DRESS SENSE PATTERNS

WHEN ordering a paper pattern for the design illustrated, address your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Enclose the illustration of the design and 4/6. cost of pattern.

BE SURE TO GIVE FULL ADDRESS, INCLUDING THE STATE YOU LIVE IN, AND ALSO SUPPLY SIZE. C.O.D. ORDERS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

I will be glad to advise you in my column on any fashion problem.



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FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

THERE was a silence. Charley looked away, watching the people again, walking, riding, standing in the bright sun. He heard Louise say softly: "You leave out so many details. It couldn't have been that simple." She hesitated. "I feel..."

"You feel what?" "Terrible. Almost like I want to cry."

Traffic stopped them. She turned, and touched his hand. "I can see why you've changed... But—Charley, it's all over now, isn't it? The war, and all? You can change again."

"Nothing is ever really over." Her hand was still on his, and her fingers were warm and soft. "You know, you pack quite a punch, Louise. You could make a chap forget a lot of his shortcomings. Maybe you don't know it, but I'll bet you're one of the best props Bill ever had."

Looking at her like this something suddenly opened in him, and what he said had nothing to do with his earlier notions of retribution. "I'd like to see you again. I don't know how it is with you and Bill..."

"All the votes haven't been counted yet." She glanced away. "Anyway, he hasn't asked."

"To-night, maybe?" Her gaze swung back to his face, and a tiny spark seemed to leap between them. Without fanning it would die. But he could fan it. Slowly she said, "If you want to..."

With the receptionist's directions he found the office. But it was empty. He turned to a movement behind him. A slender, grey-haired man in a rumpled brown suit stood in the doorway.

"Bill gone already?" he said. "Seems to be," Charley said. "He's probably out at the hangar. Maybe we can catch him there."

They went down the hall towards the rectangle of mid-morning sunlight. "My name's Crawford," the man said. "I'm chief engineer here. You a friend of Bill's?"

"Charley Neal... We flew together."

"Why, sure. I thought you looked familiar. You're in that picture with him."

"Picture?" "The one on his desk."

"Things have changed a lot since those days."

"I suppose so." There was a hint of amusement in Crawford's keen eyes. "But test flying's not as rough as combat, eh? No shooting," he grunted, as they went down the steps, "but it's combat, believe me. And with these jets it's rough combat, until you get all the kinks out of them. Too many things can happen too fast."

Charley's lips made a thin smile, but he said nothing as they walked towards the big hangar. On the cement apron sunlight danced on the sleek bomber. He saw Bill in frowning conversation with a mechanic. He said swiftly, "Is Bill a test pilot?"

"Well, yes," replied Crawford. "Of course, the company pilots fly them until we're satisfied they're all right. Then the Air Force men make an acceptance flight. It's more or less routine."

"Oh." The doubt which had swung in favor of Bill's

Benefit Of Doubt

Continued from page 13

courage hesitated, and swung back.

Bill turned at their footsteps. "Well—Charley. Say, I meant to leave a note, but I was in such a rush. You never know what's going to happen around here."

Crawford's tone was placating. "It's just one of those things, Bill. They're on our necks for a report. After all, you've flown the ship—"

"Twice," Bill said fretfully. "Cruised it, that's all. How about that yaw?"

"We think it's whipped," Crawford said patiently. "But you know how it is. Something else may turn up. Watch it, close."

"You mean he's going to fly this thing?" Charley studied Bill with bright eyes that held no humor. "You don't sound very eager."

Bill's face reddened. "It's just that—well, another pilot has been making the tests on this ship. He fell over his kid's tricycle yesterday and broke his arm."

"Well," said Charley. "Well, well, well." He squinted at the plane as the thought drove home. There was a way he might get his answer, now. He said casually, "I've always wanted a jet ride. I'll go with you."

Bill's eyes narrowed. "Don't be silly. It's against all regulations."

"Regulations," scoffed Charley. He winked broadly at Crawford, masking the excitement fluttering in him. "If we'd flown by the book all the time, somebody else would have won the war."

Crawford smiled slightly. "You old war buddies. Well—what do you say, Bill?"

"I'm against it," Bill said quickly. "No telling what might happen. The company would be responsible for him."

If he were going to quit again, Charley thought harshly, he could do it better alone. He could return to the field with a report of some fancied mechanical failure, and delay the test until the replacement pilot arrived.

"Your worry touches me deeply," he said dryly. "I'll sign a waiver. And we'll break a rule. It won't be the first time," he added significantly.

Minutes later they settled themselves in the nose and taxied smoothly to take-off

position. As in the conventional bombers, pilot and co-pilot sat side by side—a radical design for jets. The simplified power controls were on a metal mound between them. A few buttons and switches were mounted on the dual control wheels.

Charley swung challenging eyes towards Bill, who seemed to be taking interminable time, checking controls. "Let's get it on the road."

Bill paused. "Look, Charley. Be sensible. Get out."

"And walk? I tried it once, remember? I'll never learn to like it. Take it off!"

Slowly, then, Bill's hand advanced the power knob. Charley felt himself being pushed back in his seat. He was struck by the absence of engine roar; all sound was behind them. There was, instead, a slight vibration in a silence filled with the sense of an indomitable rushing.

He knew the test plan. At 35,000 feet Bill was to dive the plane until the Mach needle on the instrument panel hit .80, registering eighty per cent of the speed of sound, then pull out. They would return to the field and examine the tail assembly for stress.

Simple enough, he thought—if you didn't realise that eighty per cent of the speed of sound up there seven miles above the earth was some 545 miles an hour. And that same eighty per cent grew faster and faster in familiar miles per hour terms as the plane rocketed earthward, into denser air.

He glanced narrowly at Bill, wondering if the tightening frown were from concentration—or growing distaste for the challenge at hand. He pushed the transmitter button. "Thirty-five thousand, it says here..."

"Yes," Bill held the plane straight and level. Charley could hear him breathing into the microphone, as though at a loss for words.

"Dive it."

"You know how to get out if anything goes wrong."

"Looking for an excuse?" demanded Charley with a surge of nervous anger. "Don't try to scare me. We're not turning back. Dive it!"

Please turn to page 40

BACK FOR MORE!



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The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

IN a magazine article some time ago, I read about a mother who had helped her daughter concoct a doctor's outfit for make-believe play. An old hot-water bottle was cut down to doll size.

A stethoscope was made from rubber tubing with rubber bands to hang the tubing from the ears, and a plastic funnel at the end for listening. A white gown and coat were stitched together, and boxes and bottles with harmless ingredients were put in a doctor's bag (an old handbag).

It isn't hard to imagine what fun this youngster had. You can see that the job of fitting up a junior-age doctor wasn't too difficult.

Perhaps you and the children can work out other out-



"Home-made fun"

fits, too. A carpenter set, of course, is easy to assemble. Railroad conductors do exciting things, too. A punch, different colored paper for tickets, a visored hat, and other appropriate equipment will give your child some good times playing trains.



The functional Finger-rest bottle is exclusive to Chen Yu, enables you to apply lacquer with ease.



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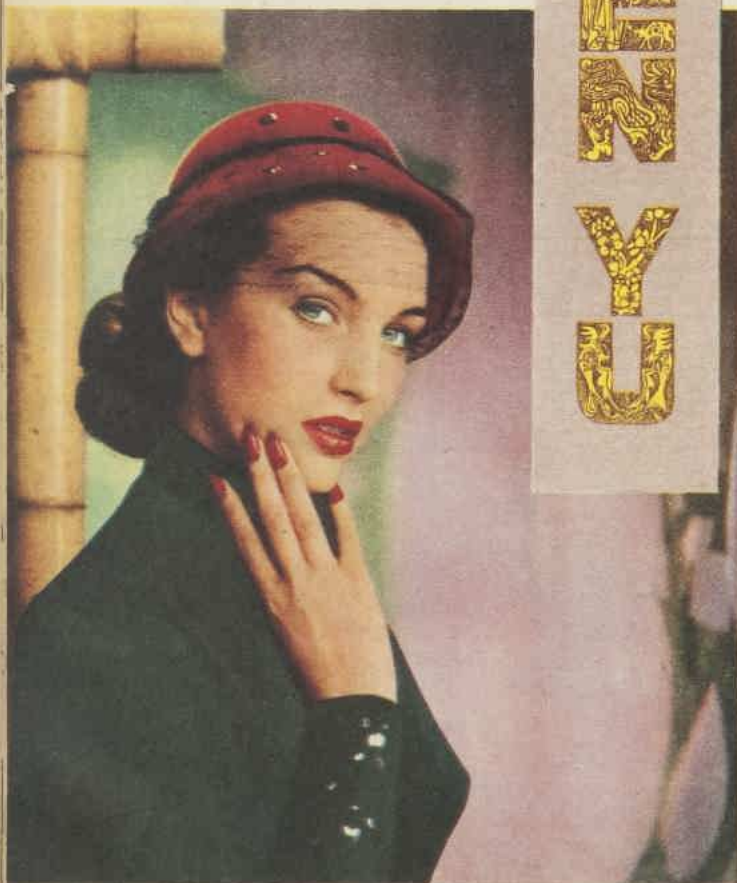
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Dynamic Sun Red—the fabulous Chen Yu color that harmonises with all the dramatic colors and glistening accessories of the coming season. That's because Sun Red is a true, true red—clear and bright, giving extra brilliance, extra glow to elegant finger-tips that work as well as play. CHEN YU is GENUINE NAIL-LACQUER—Chen Yu is the rage of America. It dries faster, sets harder, lasts longer. Chen Yu MATCHING LIPSTICKS have that wonderful "stay-fresh" look.

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CHEN YU



She's wearing Chen Yu Sun Red on lips and finger-tips. Sun Red "Teen and Twenty" hat by Aage Thaarup, Queen's Milliner, now touring Australia.

JUST above the

oxygen mask Bill's face was drawn. He said through his teeth, "Damn you, Charley Neal!" The horizon tilted in a smooth arc above their heads.

It happened in a succession of instants, later to resolve in Charley's mind to a pattern of quick pictures. The hazy brown earth directly ahead of them was leaping into focus. He saw the Mach needle flick to .70—.75—.80, saw Bill pull back on the wheel—and saw it stop immediately quivering in his straining grip.

With darting dread he saw they were still in a diving attitude, the earth still rushing towards them! Nothing had happened. The effectiveness of their elevator control was suddenly gone, locked in the vice of compressibility.

Bill, strain in every line of his hunched figure, flipped open the speed brakes switch to slow their speed, to ease back out of that zone where buffeting airstream was too powerful to handle.

But their velocity was mounting. Bill quickly worked the switch back and forth. Still nothing happened. The brake system had failed.

Charley, hands suddenly wet with cold sweat, grasped the wheel in front of him. It was trembling, jerking under the gigantic forces hammering at the tail assembly. Straining, eyes wide in alarm, he was able to budge it but a fraction, adding his desperate strength to Bill's.

He could do no more, and wouldn't have dared to try. Even without the added strain of pull-out, under that fierce attack the tail might wrench off at any instant. On the earth below the sound of their descent was a wild, screaming shattering of air.

He fumbled now for the hand-grip that would fire off the canopy and detonate the seat-ejection device. He'd rather be blown out of the ship to take his chances with this innovation than ride it into the ground.

Benefit Of Doubt

Continued from page 39

But in this one swing of the time pendulum he saw Bill's right hand sweep to the small toggle switch on the wheel.

Delicately, smoothly, as the quivering Mach needle went past 90, his right thumb eased that toggle forward. He was trying to operate the trim tabs, the auxiliary control surfaces on the stabiliser. Electrically powered and hydraulically driven, they gave an added bite to the elevators. Where human strength had failed, mechanical power might be successful.

But the slightest miscalculation might bring them out too fast, wrench the plane into disintegration.

With the painstaking touch of a brain surgeon, Bill kept adjusting the toggle, kept coaxing. . . . And then, in that blistering tide of air sweeping over the tail, the trim tabs carefully raised a steady, levering hand. Bill worked wheel and toggle in split-second co-ordination. . . . They were easing out of the dive—but tons of weight were jamming down on them. If the tail stayed on. . . .

In a moment the horizon was back where it belonged, and the patchwork of fields and houses was so near Charley felt he could have trailed his trembling fingers through the trees.

Bill offered him a cigarette as they walked away from the jet. "They can fix it," he said thoughtfully. "Maybe change the tail contour again. And overhaul the electrical system."

Charley exhaled. The cigarette was good, the air was good, the ground was good. It was like coming home from combat.

Bill opened the office door. "If you wait long enough, you can usually figure what's wrong."

"If you want to wait long enough," Charley corrected, sinking into a chair. Unwavering respect was in his eyes. Bill could have left the

plane, taking the easier way out. It had taken sheer, raw courage to wait. Charley knew that, and had seen it, and the old doubt was gone.

A barrier seemed to have lifted from a channel of his mind. Anything could have happened on that raid. The flak was so rough—maybe Bill's radio had been hit—maybe he had seen the Jerries coming and was turning into them to protect Charley. Maybe—

He'd never know, because he would never ask. Not now. He didn't have to. And those six years he had spent in bitterness suddenly seemed a weakness deserving only of self-contempt.

"Bill," he said softly, studying his cigarette, "I guess I've been kind of mixed up—"

Bill seemed embarrassed. "Skip it, Charley! You couldn't have had it any rougher. It could make a chap think a lot of things." He grinned, and reached for the telephone. "I think we ought to celebrate tonight."

Charley hunched forward, frowning at his shoes, while Bill called Louise. To-night, he had said. But Charley knew what her answer would be. "Bill—"

"She wants to say hello," Bill said.

"Tell me," her voice was warm, "how's it going with you two?"

"Why," Charley replied, "it couldn't be better." It struck him then how he could let her know. "Look," he said with significant slowness, "I'll give you back to Bill," and he proffered the phone.

Bill, smiling, said for the phone, "Thanks."

Charley smiled back. "Don't ever mention it." He thought of how far he was from Leipzig, and his smile grew. "Boy, don't ever mention it."

(Copyright)

Don't Talk About Love

Continued from page 8

PETER snapped his fingers. "The very thing! My nephew will tell me what to do about Battling Bennie."

She studied him in quiet amazement. "You can cook, sew on buttons, make furniture, and don't mind looking after children!"

"That's right," said Peter, expanding his chest. "In the business of marriage, you could definitely wipe me off the liability side of the ledger and put me among the assets."

Anne stood with her back to the door, very much like an animal at bay. She looked at Peter and what she saw was six feet of super manhood with a shock of tousled, sandy hair and blue eyes that twinkled maddeningly. As if he didn't have enough without—"Oh," she wailed and wrenched open the door, "you conceited—pig!"

Peter, plagued as he was with physical and mental miseries, began to look upon the episode with jaundiced eyes. What if she had taken him seriously! A woman like that who didn't even stay to help with the dishes! He would go to bed and he would forget all about her and his sun-

burn. He did not succeed in doing either and at six o'clock in the morning he heard the milkman, later he heard a light tap at the door. He collected two milk bottles and went to the door.

Anne was standing outside. She was still dressed in her red-and-white sundress and had the appearance of having wrestled with Fate and lost. She cleared her throat and clasped her trembling hands behind her back. "The car I had yesterday and the flat I live in belong to my brother, who is on a trip to Europe." She drew a long, quivering breath. "I've never sold a love story."

Peter grinned down at her. "How could you, you don't know anything about love."

"Oh, don't!" she stormed tearfully. "I haven't slept a wink! And Peter—it was Sudden Death type." Then she flung herself shamelessly into his arms.

The milk bottles slipped from his hands, and clunked down a flight of stairs. "Hey, what's going on here?" called the milkman as he collected the bottles.

Peter fixed him with a stern eye. "Can you cook, sew on buttons, and mind children?"

The milkman rubbed a hand thoughtfully over a soft stubble of down on his chin. "That's a woman's work," he scoffed.

"You'd better learn or you'll never have a chance with these modern girls," said Peter, and drew Anne inside and shut the door.

"I'm afraid I shouldn't have cared a button," Anne giggled, "if you couldn't sew on a button."

"Prove it," he said. "Last night's dishes are still in the sink." He winced painfully and unclasped her hands from about his neck. "I've had years to fall in love," he moaned, "and I had to do it when I had the worst sunburn of my life."

Anne walked to the kitchen, bravely and starry-eyed, like an early Christian martyr into a lion's den. And then she found out something else about him. Something that would always endear him to her heart—to any woman's heart. He was an excellent drier-upper!

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Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

PERRY MASON

Famous lawyer Perry Mason, his secretary, Della, and private detective friend Paul Drake stop at the "Ship Ahoy" cafe on the way some from a drive in the country and chat with a friendly waitress who recognises Perry. They go on to a filling station to learn that the popular owner, Pop O'Lean, has been found shot to death in a greasepit. Police are there.

Panel 1: "I'D BETTER SEE LT. TRAGG ABOUT GETTING MY CAR OUT." "HE'S IN THE OFFICE, MR. DRAKE." "APPARENTLY THAT'S WHERE O'LEAN WAS SHOT. LOOK AT THIS BLOODY TRAIL!"

Panel 2: "WELL!! TURNED AMBULANCE CHASER, MASON?" "NOPE, SEDAN CHASER. PAUL DRAKE'D LIKE YOU TO RELEASE HIS CAR. LEFT IT PARKED HERE."

Panel 3: "WHOLE FLOOR, FULL OF FOOTPRINTS, EH?" "YEAH.... KILLER WORE RUBBER SOLES... UNUSUAL DESIGN." "RELEASE THE CAR TO 'EM, DUGAN." "THIS IS ONE FOR THE BOOK.... A MURDER MYSTERY WITH PERRY MASON CAST AS A BYSTANDER!" "I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT!"

Panel 4: "PAUL, I WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT YOUNGSTER." "I'VE SEEN HIM AROUND. WORKS HERE AS A GREASE MONKEY NICE KID. WHY?" "I HAVE A HUNCH HE MAY BE MIXED UP IN THIS SHOOTING."

Panel 5: "THOSE BLOODY FOOTPRINTS WERE MADE BY SAILING SNEAKERS.... THE SAME KIND THAT KID IS WEARING!" "NONSENSE! THAT'S THE JOB OF A BRUTAL KILLER."

Panel 6: "TRAILING THE BOY, PAUL DRAKE REPORTS." "PERRY, OUR BOY IS HIDING OUT IN SHANTYTOWN. I'M PUTTING TWO MEN ON HIM ROUND THE CLOCK. CALL YOU BACK."

Panel 7: **TO BE CONTINUED**

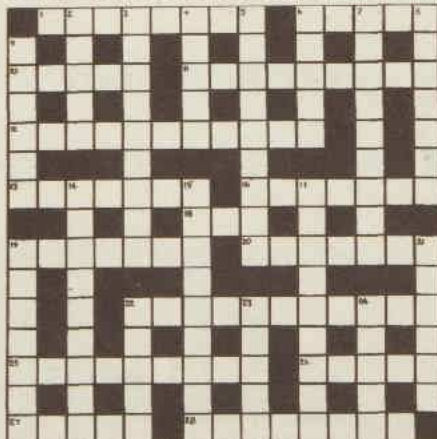
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- A sword on a horsehair persuaded him that to be a king is not all beer and skittles (8).
 - Small change, but it makes money (5).
 - Board with an aspirated ego (5).
 - Musically speaking, the way which leads there is very long (9).
 - Free in retainer (11).
 - Five mixed with a sieve is non-committal (7).
 - He as His Majesty when revelling in the sun (7).
 - Born printer's measure with ease (5).
 - Eve rang (Anagr. 7).
 - Plunders end in ages (7).
 - Ripe odd seal (Anagr. 11).
 - Mis a trump ere too early (9).
 - I, a graduate, and you start to permeate (5).
 - When she grew up the elders were interested in her ablation (5).
 - The entry in infinite time (6).

DOWN

- Correct an error in a repaired hole (5).
- Issue away the leap (8).
- Language made out of a thut (5).
- E. Peters, M.D. (Anagr. 8).
- Deceive, mainly with heat (5).
- I and Margaret in mixed gin being of opinion (9).
- This illegal drink must be a cunning drink of spirit and water (3, 4).
- Desire a top of tree trunk (6).
- Disorderly rents in beers make vigilance (8).
- Delight intensely though it starts in the French smart blow (9).
- Monarch which once was worth a quid (9).
- Receives a hundred twice and broken petals (7).
- Marsh plants border in steamship (8).
- Cover with cloth a medical monkey (5).
- Entitled to receive feudal service in Belgium (5).
- If headless I wager an Indian civet (5).

Solution to last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week

DOWN

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- Deceive, mainly with heat (5).
- I and Margaret in mixed gin being of opinion (9).
- This illegal drink must be a cunning drink of spirit and water (3, 4).
- Desire a top of tree trunk (6).
- Disorderly rents in beers make vigilance (8).
- Delight intensely though it starts in the French smart blow (9).
- Monarch which once was worth a quid (9).
- Receives a hundred twice and broken petals (7).
- Marsh plants border in steamship (8).
- Cover with cloth a medical monkey (5).
- Entitled to receive feudal service in Belgium (5).
- If headless I wager an Indian civet (5).

Inner cleanliness keeps you SPARKLING



A bracing, sparkling glass of Andrews is a pleasant way to begin the day, and keep fit! It refreshes and invigorates, acting in four ways to insure the Inner Cleanliness so vital to health.

FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets.

THEN: Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY: Andrews gently clears the system and thus purifies the blood.

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the gentle laxative
that ensures
INNER CLEANLINESS



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JAMS and
MARMALADES

JAMS:

Solus Apricot
Melon & Lemon — Gooseberry

MARMALADES:

Grape Fruit
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5 VALVES NOW IN "LITTLE NIPPER"

The neatest mantel radio of all time is just as neat as ever. But now, with five valves instead of four, "Little Nipper" races far ahead of all other sets of its size. In burgundy, brown or cream. 25 guineas, or 5/6 weekly.



5 VALVES IN OUR NEW PORTABLE

Imagine carrying full five-valve performance casually around by the hand. The neatest and most beautiful portable of all gives greatest power and clarity of tone. Burgundy-ivory; brown-ivory; all cream. From 7/6 weekly. £33-16-0 complete with Batteries, or 7/6 weekly. Prices slightly higher in U.S.A.



not just 4 valves, but

5 valves from H.M.V.

and that extra valve makes the world of difference

FOR JUST A FEW SHILLINGS A WEEK

Each of these magnificently-compact models can be used as a full-time radio even in the most difficult listening areas.

Either one will also solve your family's listening problems—giving you that much-needed extra radio to go into another room.

Keep this in mind, particularly when you hear our portable. It's more than just a gleaming little beauty for picnics or beach.

Wherever you are . . . on a farm without power . . . at your mountain or beach "week-end" . . . or in a room where you can't plug in . . . your 'H.M.V.' Portable will bring you the full enjoyment that comes from 5-valve listening.



The Hallmark of Quality

Hear today — then take away!

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LTD. (INC. IN ENGLAND), HORBUSH, N.S.W.

ATTRACTIVELY furnished sunroom in Mr. and Mrs. F. Matthews' home in Barrenjoey Road, Palm Beach, N.S.W., has off-white and blue predominating in the color scheme.



House by the sea

THE restful and changing atmosphere engendered by sea and wooded foreshores influenced Mr. and Mrs. F. Matthews when choosing a site for their home at Palm Beach, N.S.W.

Their two-story house fits snugly into a hillside setting of terraced gardens, lawns, and tall gum trees, and commands fine panoramic views.

The house is built of stone and timber. The stone, some of which was also used for steps and retaining

walls, was quarried on the site.

Focal point of the house is the blue-and-white sunroom, which opens up at either end on to the tree-shaded patios. This room, which runs the full width of the house, is 12 feet wide and 54 feet long.

As well as using lovely old pieces of china, glass, and pottery for decoration, Mrs. Matthews strategically places large bowls of beautifully arranged flowers and greenery throughout the home.



LUNCHEON is served on this tree-shaded patio at the western end of the house in good weather. Mrs. Matthews has repeated the blue-and-white decor of the sunroom here. The checked cotton chair-covers can be easily removed for washing.



SECLUDED lawn on the north-eastern end of the house, which opens directly off the sunroom, is ideal for basking in the sun (left).

VIEW from a top-story bedroom window (right) shows Barrenjoey headland and lighthouse, with Pittwater on the left. All the windows frame panoramic views.



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in coolness and comfort
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Bevelled edges and pointed both ends!
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Easy to use!

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Say good-bye to tedious, never-get-done ironing, with this time-saving, labour-saving "wonder of an iron" . . . the Coleman Aristocrat self-heating "instant-lite" Iron! Complete with Iron Stand, Pump, assembly-Wrench and Filling Can the Coleman Aristocrat (Model 4A) Iron has a handsome polished porcelain enamelled pastel-blue body, with a moulded-to-your-grip handle to match, and Polished Nickel trim.

THE IRON WITH THE COOL BLUE HANDLE.

The popularity of the Coleman Aristocrat Iron results from these exclusive practical features:

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Instant-lite "Bushman" Folding Stove

(no pre-heating)



Instant-lite!
Folds up and
carries
like a
suitcase!

The Best
of its Kind!

Ideal for out-of-doors. A wonderful standby for emergency cooking. Cooks a full course meal. Practical. Sturdy. No pre-heating! Instant heat regulation, simmer to full heat, slow or fast cooking. Automatic flame extinguisher. Positively safe. No smoke, fumes or burnt fuel odours . . . pots stay clean. All fuel safety-sealed. Astonishingly economical!

JUBILEE TABLE STOVE

For indoors and outdoors. Has all Coleman features of superiority.



MODEL 303

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Page 44

Our doctor's discussion

Tetanus can still be a killer

By a leading Australian medical specialist

Tetanus, or lockjaw as it is called, has been feared for centuries. Only in this century has anything been discovered which will help to combat its generally fatal outcome.

With the production, just prior to World War I, of an antitoxic serum, tetanus has been halted but not eliminated. Cases still occur, and some of them are fatal.

TETANUS is a terrible illness. It cramps the muscles and distorts the features. It induces painful convulsions which are terrifying to watch.

The jaw closes in a vicelike spasm and will not open. Swallowing becomes increasingly difficult. The contracted muscles of the chest interfere with breathing and may cause asphyxia.

Meanwhile, the eyebrows become arched and the immobilised muscles controlling facial expression are drawn up into a sardonic smile—the so-called risus sardonicus.

The author of this appalling illness is a germ (clostridium tetani) which shuns the sunlight and fresh air, and thrives only in putrefaction and excreta.

It grows in the dark reaches of a festering wound. It will not grow in a sterile wound, but only in the presence of dead tissue or under cover of a secondary infection.

Then it generates one of the most virulent toxins known to man.

Practically all warm-blooded animals are susceptible to tetanus, and the germ's most likely lair is stable manure or intensively fertilised ground.

It is more common in rural districts, but, on the other hand, you may pick it up in your own backyard.

In reproducing itself it forms spores which can resist heat even above that of boiling water. They are little affected by ordinary antiseptics.

Tetanus spores have been known to have been blown about in the dust, and occasionally they have settled and multiplied in an infected wound.

Any type of wound may permit the entry of the tetanus bacillus; but wounds where large, raw surfaces are exposed, deeply punctured wounds, or those where fractured bones break through the flesh and allow soil contamination are more likely to harbor it.

It is unnecessary to run to the doctor for an injection of antitoxic serum every time you cut yourself.

In regard to ordinary household accidents such as a cut from a knife or a tear from a tin-opener, all that is necessary is to wash the wound thoroughly and apply some antiseptic such as weak tincture of iodine.

There is a certain risk, however, in deeply punctured wounds sustained outside the house.

It would be advisable to regard a punctured wound from a rusty nail in the cowshed or a deep splinter from the garden seat more seriously, and to consider a prophylactic injection of an antitoxic serum.

Generally speaking, it is wounds likely to be contaminated with soil that should always be suspected.

The symptoms of a tetanus infection are not apparent at once. They appear only after an incubation period of from a few days to a few weeks.

Generally speaking, the longer the incubation period the milder the illness and the better the outlook.

Sometimes a localised form of tetanus develops.

In this case only certain muscle groups are involved, and there is no spread of the toxin to the central nervous system.

The particular muscles become rigid and remain in a state of spasm for months, when the condition gradually subsides and often disappears, leaving no disability.

It is not possible to know at the time of onset whether this localised form of tetanus is likely to develop or whether,

It thrives in dirty wounds

as is more usual, the generalised type will ensue.

In the generalised type of infection the toxin produced by the invading organism enters the bloodstream and the lymphatic channels and finally reaches the brain.

It is believed that in the central nervous system a chemical change occurs in the toxin which is no longer influenced by the antitoxin.

Once this has happened, no known treatment will save the patient's life.

Apparently this is why a certain percentage of patients die in spite of treatment.

Injection of tetanus antitoxin is the sheet-anchor of treatment.

An adequate dose is injected straight into the bloodstream, and it is usual to follow this with a further injection into the spinal canal. The patient's symptoms will indicate what further injections are needed.

The convulsions are checked by injections of paraldehyde.

How can tetanus be prevented? In theory, at any rate, by active or passive immunisation; but in practice this is not so simple.

There are practical and economical difficulties in any scheme involving the inoculation of the whole community with formalised toxoid which would confer an active immunity to tetanus, especially

as it is considered necessary to give the toxoid in three spaced injections.

As a compromise it has been suggested that those most likely to contract the disease—country and farm workers, dairy farmers, gardeners, and those whose work is mainly with horses—should be inoculated.

Of course, such people can be immunised if they wish. The material is available and the cost is negligible. But the onus is on them to see their doctor and make the necessary arrangements.

There is no legislation directing compulsory immunisation.

Realising the greater susceptibility of children between the ages of five and 14 to tetanus, it has been suggested that they should be offered the opportunity of being immunised when they start school. So far, nothing has come of the suggestion.

Passive immunisation consists of giving antitoxic serum to suspected cases. It is a hit-and-miss method, because unlikely cases may contract the disease.

The injection is given as a routine in most public hospitals where the greatest number of road accident cases are taken for treatment; and this is one of the reasons why the incidence of tetanus is decreasing.

But in civilian practice the onus frequently falls on the doctor to decide whether to give his patient a prophylactic shot of antitoxin or take the risk (however small it may be) of letting him develop tetanus.

The chance of the patient's being sensitive to serum and likely to develop serum sickness if given an injection must also weigh in whatever decision is finally reached.

On the other hand, it is too hazardous to wait until tetanus symptoms develop.

There is no other disease quite like lockjaw. It may come when least expected. The trifling wound that allowed its entry may be healed and forgotten before the symptoms develop.

Unlike poliomyelitis, which comes in waves striking at children and young adults in the community, tetanus comes singly. There is no epidemic and no havoc. But hardly a week passes without someone in Australia contracting it.

It can rarely be mistaken for anything else.

Meningitis may commence, like lockjaw, with a headache and stiffness of the muscles of the neck. An impacted and infected third molar tooth may cause stiffness of the jaw and difficulty in opening the mouth. Quinsy or another infection of the pharynx may also give rise to pain about the throat and muscular stiffness.

But these conditions are so obvious that they will seldom mislead, so long as lockjaw is kept in mind.



SYMMETRICAL GROUPING. A series of evenly spaced pictures is used to draw attention to a wall of independent color in this low-ceilinged room. The uneven line of tossed cushions on low divans is a clever foil to the arrangement. A focused light makes this grouping and the nearby furnishings an outstanding feature of the room at night.

Individual wall decoration

DECORATING the walls of your home is like putting your signature to a letter, giving the final individual touch.

Wall hangings may be large or small, muted or vivid, according to the proportions and coloring of a room.

If pictures that satisfy your taste are too expensive, china pieces, framed needlework, or unusually shaped plates are excellent alternatives. Sets of flower prints, bird pictures, and colored fashion plates may also be grouped to make arresting arrangements.

Family photographs placed as single units over bookshelves, a piano, or a mantelpiece do little to liven a room, but if arranged as a miniature portrait gallery gain importance and give interest.

This type of setting, strategically placed over or around a fireplace, a wall recess, or a wall mirror, is particularly suitable for a room that has pale walls and rather solid old furniture.



EMBROIDERY can be used to give color and charm to a corner of a bedroom wall. Here an old-world Dresden ornament on a corner shelf is flanked by small, framed pieces of fine embroidery.



FRAMED ALIKE and hung so they can be seen by the person sitting in the chair, this set of matched color prints gives a harmonious atmosphere to a furniture grouping in a reading corner.



VARIETY in the shape and type of ornaments is an effective wall arrangement over a cabinet or mantelpiece and makes an unusual setting.

Wham — it's good!
— specially for summer meals!



Wham — the delicious blend of sugar-cured ham and prime beef.

Wham is all meat. Rich, super-tasty meat. No bones, no gristle, no useless, expensive fat, but prime beef and tasty tender sugar-cured ham blended together in a completely new way. Here's a delicious meal in a jiffy, one you'll serve often.



FOR EXTRA FLAVOUR!

Wham is pressure-cooked in the tin to seal in those rich ham and beef juices. EXTRA flavour, EXTRA nourishment this way!

Wham
— beats the HIGH cost of meat!

Worried about meat prices? Forget it! Wham is ALL meat. Nothing but good rich meat — at a reasonable price. So serve all the meat you and your family want. Serve plenty of Wham — hot or cold.

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12 OZ. AND 4 OZ. TINS.



SEE HOW IT RUNS



Cerebos SALT

Look to your shoes!

KIWI WHITE

STAYS ON... DRIES QUICKLY
EASY TO APPLY



...IN TUBES, JARS
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So exquisitely sheer...

So glamorously beautiful...

Such delicate charm...

And yet remarkable strength

and endurance



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FRESH or in TOMATO SAUCE

MORTON FISH PASTES
"Anchovy", "Shrimp", "Salmon & Anchovy", "Salmon & Shrimp", "Salmon & Tomato". 1 oz. Tins 1/2 oz. jars
Smooth Fresh Delicious
MORTON PRODUCTS SOLD ALL GROCERS & DELICATESSENS
Never be without them

No. 185 — CHILD'S PYJAMA SUIT

The suit is designed for winter warmth and is obtainable cut out ready to sew. The material is printed winceyette and the color choice includes white, pale pink, and blue grounds printed in a floral design. Sizes: Length 29in. for 2yrs., price 13/3; 31in. for 3yrs., price 14/9; 33in. for 4yrs., price 15/11; 37in. for 5-6yrs., price 16/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 186—DUCHESS SET

The set is clearly traced ready to embroider with an attractive butterfly design. The materials obtainable are cream Irish linen, sheer linen in pale blue, white, green, and pink, and British cotton in green, blue, pink, and lemon. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in. and the smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Price: linen 7/11, cotton 5/6. Postage 7d. extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 187—ONE-PIECE DRESS

An attractive design for late summer is obtainable cut out ready to sew in check zephyr cotton. The color choice includes red-and-white, blue-and-white, green-and-white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, price 33/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, price 35/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 188—TEA-TOWELS

A set of seven tea-towels clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen with blue, red, lemon, or green borders. Each towel measures 22in. x 32in. Price 6/6 each. Postage 8d. extra. Set of seven 45/- Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post. Send orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to address given below.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6772. — Beginners' pattern for a small girl's tailored dressing-gown. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material with ½yd. contrast material. Price 2/.

F6773. — Three-piece lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace, ½yd. 36in. net, plus 3½yds. 3in. lace edging and 7yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 4/9.

F6774. — Tailored long-sleeved dressing-gown designed for winter warmth. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F6775. — Slim daytime dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1-3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F6776. — A one-piece dress up-to-the-moment in cut and detail. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F6777. — Tailored coat has smart silhouette with nipped-in waist. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

I never use anything but liquid Silvo for my Silver



Silvo liquid polish has a way with silver that keeps your precious pieces glowing beautifully. It is easy, quick and safe to use. To keep silverware at its loveliest, polish it regularly with Silvo.



Blame your SLUGGISH LIVER for these unpleasant SYMPTOMS!

Constipation, heavy tired feeling, indigestion, headaches, a sallow, spotty skin—often result when a " sluggish " liver cuts down the supply of bile to the intestines.

Help correct sluggish liver function with Chamberlain's Tablets. Without habit-forming, harsh action, Chamberlain's Tablets quickly and gently aid in stimulating liver activity, relieve constipation, assist in clearing the skin and in sweetening the breath. Try Chamberlain's tonight . . . prove how much brighter life becomes . . . how energy flows back and sports health is yours again.



Chamberlain's TABLETS
A GENTLE, EFFECTIVE LAXATIVE

FREEDOM

of action . . .
NEW comfort,
safety
and
protection
are yours with



Camelia
SANITARY NAPKINS



RICH AND SPICY FRUIT FILLING adds a tempting flavor to this Viennese layer cake, the main prize-winning recipe for the week. Top the cake with lemon icing, decorate with walnuts, and it will be attractive to serve for a special afternoon tea.

Viennese cake wins £5

Golden syrup, cinnamon, and spice are used to flavor the fruit-filled Viennese cake which wins the £5 prize for the best recipe of the week.

CONSOLATION prizes go to recipes for a rabbit and pineapple salad, raspberry nut shortcake and a sausage mould.

Each week this page is reserved for the home-maker; through its columns reliable, home-tested recipes are shared with others, and ideas are suggested for using seasonal supplies to the best advantage.

Conditions of entry in the weekly recipe contest are easy. Write your recipe clearly in ink, include full name, address, and State on each page. Post to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

In all recipes spoon measurements are level.

VIENNESE FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces shortening, 6oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 teaspoons

baking powder, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, pinch salt.

Cream shortening and sugar. Gradually add beaten eggs. Fold in milk and golden syrup alternately with sifted flour, baking powder, cinnamon, spice, and salt. Grease and line bottom of 8in. square or round tin, fill with mixture. Bake in moderate oven 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Cool on cake-cooler. Cut through centre, fill with fruit filling. Ice top with lemon-icing.

Prepare Fruit Filling: Chop roughly $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup figs, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, cook gently until thickened to spreading consistency. Add 1 tablespoon shortening and 1 dessertspoon lemon juice. Spread between layers of cake when cold.

First Prize of £5 to Miss R. Squire, Gilbert St., Latrobe, Tas.

RABBIT AND PINEAPPLE SALAD

Three-quarters cup rabbit or vegetable stock or water, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 3 dessertspoons cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups diced cooked rabbit meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced cooked or tinned pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup from pineapple, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon capers, salad ingredients.

Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling stock or water. Add capers, season with salt and pepper. Add pineapple syrup, allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, fold in diced pineapple and rabbit meat. Pour into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould on to bed of lettuce, serve with celery curls, tomato wedges, and parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Duck, 148 Carrington St., West Wallsend, N.S.W.

RASPBERRY NUT SHORTCAKE

Four ounces shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups self-raising flour, raspberry jam.

Topping: One cup cornflakes, 1 beaten egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, 1 tablespoon milk, few drops vanilla essence, pinch salt.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg. Mix well.



CRUNCHY NUT SHORT-CAKE has a delicious raspberry flavor and will be a favorite with the children. Served with cream or ice-cream it makes an appetizing dessert.

Fold in sifted flour and salt. Press into greased 10in. x 7in. slab-tin. Spread with raspberry jam. Combine topping ingredients, fill evenly into tin. Press down lightly, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, cut into fingers. May be served as a sweet with cream or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. R. Dolman, Echunga, S.A.

JELLIED SAUSAGE MOULD

One pound beef sausages, water, 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice or soup, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch pepper, salt to taste, 2 or 3 gherkins, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 dessertspoons gelatine.

Cover sausages with water, boil 15 to 20 minutes. Drain, reserving liquid. When sausages are cool, skin and slice lengthwise. Slice hard-boiled eggs, arrange in bottom of wetted mould. Place sausages and chopped gherkin in mould. Skim fat from sausage liquid, measure $\frac{1}{4}$ cups. Use $\frac{1}{2}$ cup to soften gelatine, dissolve over boiling water. To remaining liquid add tomato juice or soup, parsley, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Stir in dissolved gelatine, pour into mould. Chill until set. Unmould, serve with salad ingredients.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Jackson, 1 Brae St., Rockhampton, Qld.

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Pour on the milk!

HEAR those golden bubbles of flavour go—



Serve the MERRIEST, CRUNCHIEST breakfast-cereal of ALL!

Every wonderful plateful snaps, crackles and pops with glee! No wonder kiddies love 'em! And remember mum, Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are chockful of nourishment and energy value. Good for all your family. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

YOUR GROCER HAS THEM!

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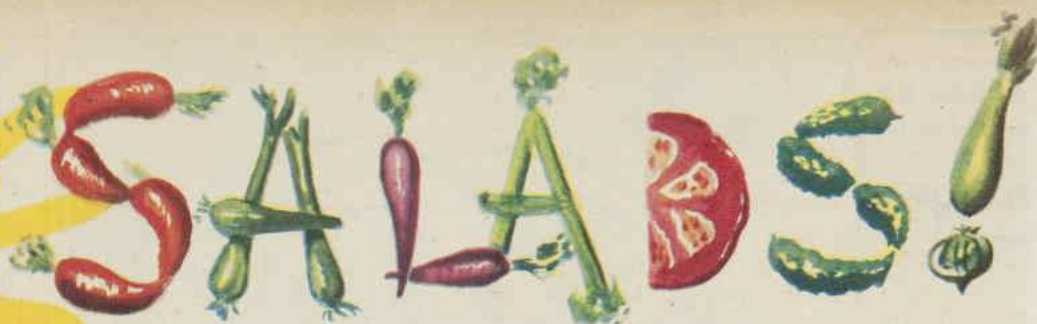
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Stay as sweet as you are with
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The Deodorant you can trust
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TRY THESE

MAXAM



TO TEMPT TIRED APPETITES ON HOTTEST DAYS!

Salads are exciting — if they're **DIFFERENT!** Here are a few salad suggestions which are as nutritious as they are appealing — and economical, too! Cut this page out and keep it by you . . .



Light, Summery meals need the **NUTRITION BOOST** that Maxam gives!

PASTEURIZED
SEALED IN FOIL
ALWAYS FRESH!
NO RIND-NO WASTE!

No other basic food gives you more energy-making, body-building protein, calcium and phosphorus than cheese — and Vitamins A and B1 for protection against illness, too! And Maxam cheese is **ALL CHEESE** — nothing added, nothing taken away, sheer concentrated goodness from Australia's richest dairylands! Children love it!

and there's nothing quite like Maxam for flavour!



MAXAM VARIETY SALAD

Take one orange, two tomatoes, one apple cucumber, one banana, two slices of pineapple, one medium beetroot. Slice or dice fruit and vegetables and toss them lightly together with a little mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves with diced Maxam Cheese. Garnish with red cherries.



MAXAM CARROT & CHEESE SALAD

Take one cup grated raw carrot, one cup shredded raw cabbage, one cup finely chopped celery, one tablespoon lemon juice, lemon rind, one medium onion chopped fine, half teaspoon salt, mayonnaise dressing. Mix these ingredients together and serve on crisp lettuce leaves with a topping of grated Maxam Cheese.



MAXAM SARDINE & CHEESE SALAD

Set sardines in jelly flavoured with Lancashire sauce, salted to taste. Mix 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup grated raw carrot and one small onion (finely chopped), together with mayonnaise dressing. Place spoonful of mixture in crisp lettuce leaves with one sardine in jelly on top of each. Decorate with diced Maxam Cheese.



MAXAM GOLD POTATO SALAD

Required:—Cold cooked potatoes, salad dressing, one medium onion, beetroot (cooked), grated or diced Maxam Cheese, chopped parsley, hard boiled egg. Cut potatoes and beetroot into slices, cut onion very finely. Put a layer of potatoes in bottom of salad dish, sprinkle with onion, cheese and parsley—then a layer of sliced beetroot. Repeat until dish is full. Garnish top with egg rings. **TOMATOES** may be substituted for beetroot.



MAXAM BAKED BEAN SALAD

Take two cups Maxam Baked Beans, one cup finely shredded cabbage, one teaspoonful onion juice, two tablespoons finely chopped pickle, mayonnaise to blend. Toss these ingredients lightly together and serve on crisp lettuce leaves, topped with grated Maxam Cheese.



SPRING CABBAGE SALAD

Take one cabbage heart, cooked beetroot, grated Maxam Cheese, quarter cup of chopped walnuts, mayonnaise dressing. Cut the core out of the cabbage, and chop or shred leaves very finely. Mix with the walnuts and add seasoning. Moisten with mayonnaise. Place rather flat in a salad bowl and garnish with grated Maxam Cheese. Top with a lattice of beetroot cut in strips.



MAXAM TOMATO & CELERY SALAD

Take 6 firm, good sized tomatoes, 2 cups celery cut small, one medium onion diced. Scald and peel tomatoes, then chill, cut slice from top of each and scoop out seeds and soft pulp, being careful not to break sides. Mix celery with onions and mayonnaise. Fill tomatoes with this mixture, then place a teaspoonful of dressing on top of each tomato. Serve individually on a bed of lettuce leaves, decorated with rings of hard boiled egg and grated Maxam cheese.



MAXAM goes further
— saves money in the long run!

Once for ounce, Maxam packet cheese is one of the richest and cheapest foods you can buy. There is no rind — and because Maxam does not dry up or crumble, you get no waste. Maxam has a smooth, creamy texture that slices (as thin as you like), dices, melts, shreds and toasts perfectly. And children like it too much to waste it!

FROM THE SAME MAKERS AS FAMOUS MAXAM BAKED PASTRY MIXTURE



● A cool, shady corner of the garden is an ideal setting for family luncheon or dinner. The informal atmosphere and break from routine have a tonic effect on appetites.

Outdoors...

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

IN the lovely garden of her Sydney home Mrs. George Horton serves luncheon from a menu which includes tomato ring, stuffed eggs, rainbow blancmange.

COLD food is the best choice for an out-of-doors meal in summer. It is easily handled; can be prepared and served attractively. If carefully selected, it is just as satisfying as hot food.

But if the family likes to have one hot dish on even the hottest day, try preparing creamed fish or macaroni cheese in individual ramekins and serving it piping hot in place of the chilled carrot cream soup.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHILLED CARROT CREAM SOUP

Two large carrots, coarsely grated or chopped, 1 chopped onion, 1 stick chopped celery, 1½ cups water, 2 cups medium thickness white sauce, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, ½ to ¾ cup cooked peas (optional), fingers of crisp, dry toast, 1 dessertspoon butter mixed with 2 or 3 tablespoons grated cheese, chopped parsley.

Simmer carrot, onion, celery, and water until vegetables are quite soft. Rub through a strainer, mix with white sauce. Flavor with salt and cayenne, add peas, and chill thoroughly. Spread toast fingers with butter and cheese mixture, sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley. Just before serving, thin soup further with cold milk if desired. Serve with cheese toast fingers.

JELLIED MEAT AND TOMATO RING

Two cups minced cold meat, 1 large tin tomato juice (made up to 1 pint if necessary with meat or vegetable stock or water), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated onion or onion juice, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons gelatine softened in ¼ cup water, ¼ cup diced, cooked celery, balls of softened cream cheese rolled in chopped walnuts or chopped parsley, diced pineapple, cress or lettuce.

Heat tomato juice with lemon juice, onion, salt and pepper to taste. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Mix with celery. Place about one-third of this mixture in

wetted recess-tin, chill until set. Mix meat with balance of tomato jelly, pour into tin, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-platter, fill recess with cream cheese balls, serve with diced pineapple, cress or lettuce.

MINCE-STUFFED EGGS

Four or six hard-boiled eggs, 1-3rd cup finely minced cold meat (corned beef or corned mutton is good), onion juice to flavor, 1-3rd cup mashed potato, salt and pepper to taste, 1 or 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, olives or parsley sprigs to garnish.

Cut shelled eggs in halves lengthwise, carefully remove yolks, and mash. Mix with meat, onion juice, mashed potato, salt, pepper, mayonnaise. Fill into egg-whites, garnish with olives or parsley sprigs.

RAINBOW BLANCMANGE WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Two pints milk (fresh, condensed, or powdered), 8 tablespoons cornflour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, ½

MENU

Chilled carrot cream soup.
Jellied meat and tomato ring.
Mince-stuffed eggs.
Salad.
Rainbow blancmange with chocolate sauce.
Iced coffee.

vanilla. Fill into mould on top of green portion. Allow to become quite cold and set. Loosen around edges, turn carefully on to serving-dish, decorate with chopped jelly or fruit. Serve with chocolate sauce. If liked, chocolate sauce may be poured over the mould and then sprinkled with chopped nuts.

COOKED SALAD DRESSING

Two dessertspoons flour, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 dessertspoons butter.

Mix flour, sugar, salt, mustard, and cayenne pepper smoothly with beaten egg. Add milk, then vinegar a little at a time. Stir over hot water until thick. Add butter, stir until butter is melted and mixed. Store in screw-topped jar.

QUICK CHOCOLATE SAUCE

One cup water, ½ cup milk, ½ cup sugar, 2oz. dark chocolate (grated), or 3 teaspoons

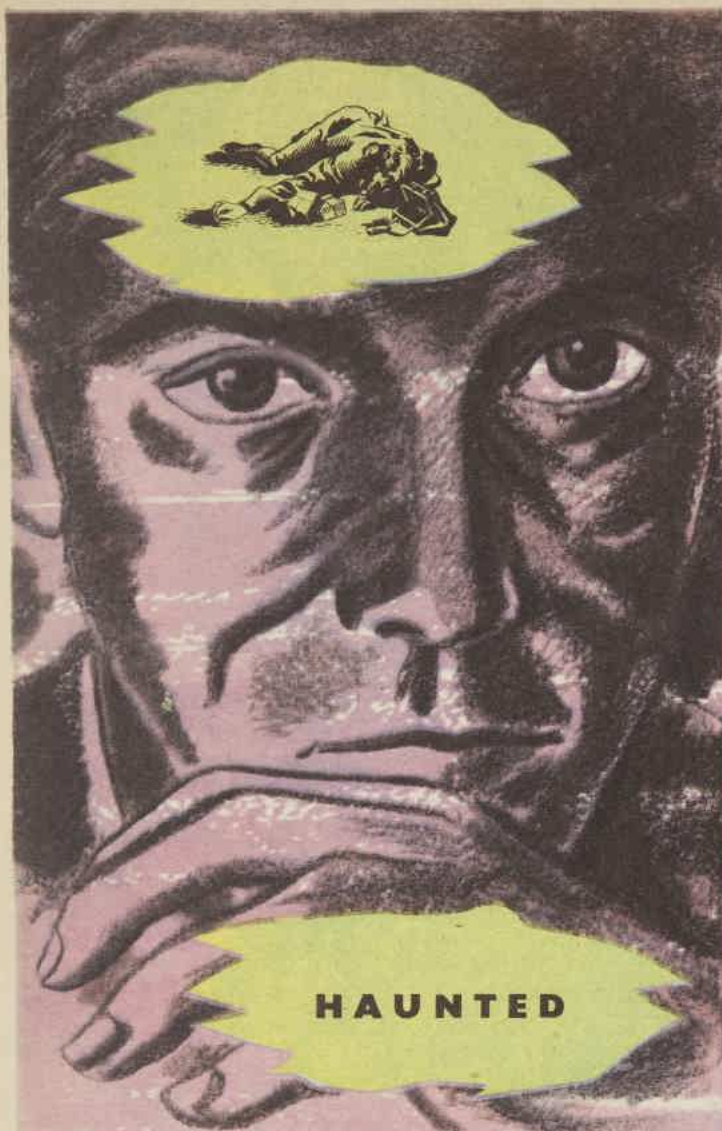
cocoa, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon condensed milk.

Blend cornflour with some of the water. Bring balance of water to boiling point with milk and sugar. Simmer 3 minutes, stir in blended cornflour, chocolate (or cocoa blended with the cornflour), and condensed milk. Bring back to boiling point, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Flavor with vanilla. Use hot or cold.

ICED COFFEE

Four tablespoons coffee, pinch salt, ½ cup water, ½ cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons powdered milk, 1½ cups water, 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, whipped cream.

Bring coffee, salt, and water to boiling point, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Stand until half-cold, strain, place in saucepan again with sugar. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Simmer 5 minutes. Beat powdered milk with water and fresh milk, add coffee syrup and vanilla. Chill thoroughly. Serve in tall glasses (sufficient for about 5 to 7 glasses), topped with a spoonful of whipped cream.



HAUNTED

All his life it will haunt him ... that crumpled body lying so frighteningly still on the road.

It was not his fault. She stepped from between two parked cars right into his path.

He was not travelling fast ... but the road was wet, the car skidded. And then ...

The innocent are so often hurt in road accidents ... the innocent driver ... or children ... or loved ones left behind. Each road fatality leaves behind it grief and horror.

Everyone can help to lessen Australia's horrifying toll of road deaths and injuries ... by being alert and careful, whenever and wherever they walk or drive.

DEATH IS SO PERMANENT..



Inserted by the Australian Road Safety Council.

MTL143.121

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, **PRINCESS NARDA:** And **LOTHAR:** Their giant Nubian servant, decide to investigate the mystery of the big trees, which grow in a remote part of Africa. A trader warns them they will not return, and tells of the hunter who



drove his car into the forest and was never seen again. Undismayed, the friends set out. Leaving Narda at the edge of the trees Mandrake and Lothar ride off into the depths of the forest. As Narda waits a leopard creeps towards her. **NOW READ ON:**

WITHOUT THINKING, SHE JUMPS UP AND RUNS OFF IN A FLASH, WITH THE LEOPARD BOUNDING AFTER HER! HOW SILLY OF ME TO RUN, WITH THIS RIFLE IN MY HAND, SHE THINKS, HER HEART POUNDING...



SHE STOPS SHORT AT THE BASE OF A FOREST GIANT, SNAPS HER RIFLE TO HER SHOULDERS, AIMS--AND THEN--SEES SOMETHING! APPALLING, UNEXPECTED, UNEXPLAINABLE!



THE LEOPARD HAS STEPPED INTO A CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED NET ON THE GROUND--THE NET INSTANTLY TIGHTENS AROUND THE BEAST...



AT THE SAME TIME IT BEGINS TO RISE RAPIDLY INTO THE AIR! IT IS WHISKED UP--HIGHER AND HIGHER...



UP, UP, UP IT GOES, WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN, UNTIL IT DISAPPEARS IN THE FOLIAGE, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE! TERRIFIED, NARDA RUNS, CALLING: "MANDRAKE! MANDRAKE!"



MANDRAKE HEARS HER VOICE IN THE QUIET FOREST! "IT NARDA, CALLING FOR HELP! DON'T FOLLOW ME TOO CLOSELY, LOTHAR, IT MAY BE A TRAP!" AND HE WHEELS BACK TO FIND HER...



NARDA SIGHS WITH RELIEF AS SHE SEES HIM. "WHAT HAPPENED?" HE CALLS. "MANDRAKE, I'VE JUST SEEN SOMETHING! THE STRANGEST, MOST--"



HER WORDS ARE CUT OFF AS A NET SUDDENLY SNAPS ABOUT HER AND WHISKES HER OFF THE GROUND! MANDRAKE STARES, THUNDERSTRUCK, CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, A WHAT ON EARTH--?



TO BE CONTINUED



Colour! Colour! Colour! Every eye appealing handsome shade you could possibly desire has been captured in Pelaco's perfectly styled Pastel Tone shirts. And that's not all! Along with these subtle clothes-matching Pastel Tones Pelaco have really excelled themselves with faultless fitting beautiful quality and matchless collar styling. Without a doubt Pastel Tone is today's most popular shirt buy for both looks and for the long wearing Pelaco quality every value-conscious man — and woman — demands.

"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"

Pelaco
Pastel Tones

For Everyone's Table

